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A NEW

Miſcellany

Of Original

POEMS,

On Several Occaſions.

Written by the

E. of D.
Sir Charles Sidley,
Sir Fleetw. Shepheard,
Mr. Wolely,
Mr. Granvill,
Mr. Dryden,
Mr. Stepney,
Mr. Rowe.

And ſeveral other Eminent Hands.

Never before Printed.

LONDON,

Printed for *Peter Buck*, at the Sign of the *Temple* in *Fleet-ſtreet*; and *George Strahan* at the *Golden-Ball*, over againſt the *Royal-Exchange* in *Cornhil*. 1701.

A NEW

Miscellany

OF Original

POEMS,

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

3 Ge

Never before Printed.

TO THE

HONOURABLE

Benedict, Leonard Calvert

Eſquire.

SIR,

AN Author cannot be more unhappy in any thing, than in being Sometimes Oblig'd to make ſuch addreſſes, as theſe to Perſons the World will at leaſt believe do not deſerve 'em. But in this I ſhall have the pleaſure to ſay nothing which all, that know you will not preſently conſent to, and rather wiſh the Scan-

dal theſe things Lie under, did not prevent me from Saying more, than that I ſhou'd be confin'd, where there is ſo much to be ſaid. The little Judgement which Common Writers ſhew in the Choice of Patrons, has Expos'd a Cuſtom, otherwiſe Commendable, to general Reflections; and 'tis ſo difficult to find out Gentlemen, whoſe Acquaintance with Polite Learning, render 'em worthy this Diſtinction, that unleſs all, who write, wou'd reſolve to aboliſh Dedications, they will be under a neceſſity of erring this way one time, or another. The Importunity of Friends, the Voice of the Publick, the Favour of the Prince, or ſome other accident, will tempt, 'em againſt their Reaſon, as well as Inclination.

How ridiculous is it for a man to make a Preſent of his Poems, to one who

who has no Reliſh of Poetry, nor knowledge to put a true Value on his Labours; to Beg another to Protect what he do's not underſtand, and divert himſelf with what he do's not Love? This muſt be done, if there is never a Book to come out without the Formality of an Epiſtle, unleſs there were more Men of your Genius and Quality, in whom what has lately ſeem'd incompatible, are eminently reconcil'd, Good Senſe and good Nature; a deſire to Poſſeſs all the reaſonable Enjoyments of Life, and make a right uſe of thoſe great Advantages, your Birth and Fortune, have giv'n you. To whom ſhou'd the Muſes fly for Succour from the terrible Perſecution, they at this time endure, but to Men of Rank and Merit that do not only Love the Art, but are Generous to its Profeſſors, and themſelves Proud to profeſs it. Whoſe Judg-

Judgment is as powerful as their Intereſt, and who cannot be Byas'd by Flattery or Faction, to defend what they really diſapprove, or to Praiſe what they deſpiſe. Yet 'tis this falſe applauſe that has for a time Supported ſome wretched Authors in the World, has Crouded the Pit at their Plays, and engag'd an Audience as often as they deſir'd it; but we have ſeen the Reputation ſo unjuſtly got has made their Patrons aſham'd of the Favour they've Shewn 'em, and the Town, that they have been ſo weak to be miſerably Cheated by 'em, tho' but for a Seaſon. They wou'd not believe 'twas popular Cabal, which got their Farces Credit enough with the Fair and the Great, to keep 'em up for a Winter, Tho' they have afterwards ſhamefully Experienc'd, that 'tis not in the Power of the Great nor the fair to maintain an ill Play, or

an

an ill Poem a Long while againſt the opinion of the beſt Judges: they have ſeen the ſame Changeable Fortune, that lifted 'em up unexpectedly from the Loweſt rank of Writers to compare with the Higheſt for Succeſs, has ſunk 'em again as faſt into the Level which Nature deſign'd 'em for.

So very vain it is for ſuch perſons to fancy there is any Intreſt, or name, ſo Pow'rful, as can Impoſe 'em always on the Town, who repent themſelves ſufficiently for being once deceiv'd. There are Indeed ſome men ſo careful of giving a Character in a bad Cauſe, and ſo well Qualify'd to do it, that a good word from them may for a while, prevent the Fate of an Author, and put the ill hour a far off. However as Men of Judgment will very rarely be prevail'd with to ſpeak well of what they know do's not deſerve it theſe popular Writers

muſt return to the Croud from whence they came, and ſee if the Multitude will do for 'em, what Juſtice ought; and when theſe Abandon 'em, as they certainly will, let 'em look back, if they can, with pleaſure on the fooliſh Airs, they gave themſelves on their good Luck, and learn for the future to obſerve a Conduct more ſutable to their Merit, than their Temporary Fortune.

If theſe Poems Sir were of this kind, and depended wholly on your Favour for Acceptance, with the Publick, I ſhould be afraid to put your Name to what you will not own. For your Sincerity, the moſt beautiful Quality in Men of your Birth and Education, wou'd not permit you to diſſemble your Opinion, and nothing oblige you to Promote what you wou'd ſoon diſcover was not worth your Protection.

I hope you will not meet with any thing in this Collection, which may not divert you in the Lovely Solitude you are going to; a place ever Friendly to the Muſes, and which wou'd be loſt on any other Perſon, than your ſelf, who knows ſo well how to Enjoy it.

What Variety of Pleaſures, Innocent and Charming do we find when you are there? Wit, Mirth, and good Senſe, the Gayety of the Court, with the Graces of the Country, the Learning of the Cloſet, and the Sports of the Field, all that is Agreeable or Uſeful in Life; and to Crown the Entertainment, of which you are your ſelf the greateſt Ornament, Muſick, which whoever is ſo Happy, as to to hear, is preſently diſguſted with every thing he heard before, and confeſſes he never till then knew the Power of Harmony. So vaſt is the dif-

difference between the Perfection of a Gentleman, and the Performance of a Maſter. As there is not one Living more ſo than your ſelf; the Graces you give to it are Infinitely greater than thoſe you receive from the Art. But ſince this, as Charming as 'tis, is one of the Leaſt of your Accompliſhments; I ſhou'd do an Injuſtice to a Thouſand others, that eminently Shine in you, to dwell longer upon it; and I fear I ſhall offend you, if I have not already, ſhou'd I continue a ſubject you Love ſo little, hearof, I ſhall therefore only beg leave to Subſcribe my ſelf,

SIR,

Your moſt Humble and

Obedient Servant,

CHARLES GILDON.

THE

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ERRA-

ERRATA.

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Miſcellany Poems.

The Firſt Edilium of

BION

Engliſh'd by the Right Honourable the Earl of *W*——

MOurn all ye Loves, the fair *Adonis* dyes,
The lovely youth in deaths embraces lyes;
Riſe wretched *Venus*, and to mourning turn,
The *Tyrian* Robes thy beauteous Limbs adorn;
Thy panting boſom beat in wild deſpair,
And pierce with theſe complaints the yielding air.
Mourn all ye Loves, the fair *Adonis* dyes,
The lovely youth in deaths embraces lyes.

Ah! how his breaſt ſeems lovely to the ſight,
The Tusk that wounded Him is not ſo white.
The ſparkling luſtre now forſakes his eyes,
And from his lips the rich carnation flyes;
The charming youth lyes breathleſs on the plain,
And *Cytherea*'s kiſſes are in vain.
Mourn all ye Loves, the fair *Adonis* dyes,
The lovely youth in deaths embraces lyes.
Tho' wide the wound upon his Thigh appears,
The Tender Goddeſs Breaſt a larger bears.
Cloſe by his ſide his faithful Dogs attend,
And howling o're the Corps the Skies they rend;
The Mountain Nymphs their ſad deſtraction
(ſhew,
But *Venus* griefs no limits will allow;
Bare-footed to the Deſart ſhe repairs,
With looks diſorder'd, and neglected hair,
And her ſoft fleſh the cruel brambles tear.

(Mourn

Mourn all ye Loves, the fair *Adonis* dies,
The lovely youth in deaths embraces lyes.
The Rocks and Floods lament his hapleſs fate;
Adonis, ſtill *Adonis* they repeat;
The Flow'rs an univerſal ſorrow ſhew,
And weep his fall in pearly drops of dew.
But *Venus* o're the partleſs Mountain flyes,
And Hills and Valleys eccho to her cryes.
Mourn all ye loves, the fair *Adonis* dyes,
The lovely youth in deaths embraces lyes.
Who can the *Cyprian* Queens ſad ſtory know,
Without lamenting her diſaſtrous woe;
With arms out ſtretcht ſhe graſps the fleeting air,
And crys *Adonis* ſtay! ſtay lovely fair!
At length I've found thee, fly not my embrace;
My glowing kiſs ſhall warm thy bloodleſs face
With eager lips I'll draw thy parting breath,
Receive thy Soul, and ſuck thy Love in death.

This farewel kiſs I never will reſign,
And tho' you leave me, that ſhall ſtill be mine.
Far off you fly, *Adonis*, and muſt go
To viſit the remorſeleſs King below.
But, as a Goddeſs, far more wretched I,
Immortally am curs'd and cannot dye.
Mourn all ye Loves, the fair *Adonis* dyes,
The lovely youth in deaths embraces lyes.
The Queen of Love aſſumes a widow'd ſtate,
And round her, Little Loves unactive wait:
She blames the too raſh youth, alone to dare
Encounter ſavage Beaſts, himſelf ſo fair.
Mourn all ye Loves, the fair *Adonis* dyes,
The lovely youth in deaths embraces lyes.
As many tears fair *Venus* Eyes ſupply,
As drops of blood fell from *Adonis* Thigh;
From which ſucceſſively were ſeen to riſe
From blood the Roſe, from tears Anemonies.

Mourn

Mourn all ye Loves, the fair *Adonis* dyes,
The lovely youth in deaths embraces lyes.
Fair *Cytharea*, from the Woods retire,
No longer there lament your loſt deſire;
The Nuptial Bed for your cold Love prepare,
Who looks (as ſleeping) charming ſtill, and fair.
On golden bolſters raiſe his heavy head,
So let him lye, tho' pale his looks, and dead;
In his rich garments lay him gently down,
The ſame that us'd thy happy nights to crown.
Let Flow'rs and Garlands o're the Corps be ſpread;
But they, ſince he's no more, will quickly fade.
With fragrant eſſences perfume the air,
Since he is gone, who was all ſweet and fair.
Now deckt in Purple ſoft *Adonis* lyes,
The Little Loves attend with weeping eyes,
And ſtrive by diff'rent ways their grief to ſhew,
This tramples on his Dart, that breaks his Bow.

A thir'd i'th' air his uſeleſs Quiver throws,
A fourth the Embroider'd Slipper wou'd unlooſe;
In Golden Cups another Water bears,
One waſhes off the blood, his Thigh beſmears;
Another beats officiouſly the air,
And with ſoft pinions fans the breathleſs fair.
All *Hymen*'s Torches on the Threſhold lye,
Extinguiſht, and the Marriage Garland by;
Hymen's no longer ſung, but all around
Adonis is become the mournful ſound.
The pitying Graces in the Conſert move,
And mourn th' unhappy *Cytherea*'s love;
Her boundleſs grief the fatal Sifters ſhare,
Endeavor to recall the beauteous fair;
But cruel *Proſerpine* is deaf to pray'r.

An

An Imitation of the 21ſt.

ODE of HORACE

l. 3. *Ad Amphoram.*

By *N. ROWE*, Eſq.

I.

HAil, gentle Cask, whoſe venerable head
With hoary down, and ancient duſt o're-
(ſpread,
Proclaim that ſince the Vine firſt brought thee
(forth,
Old Age has added to thy worth.
Whether the ſprightly Juice thou doſt contain,
Thy Vot'ries will to Wit and Love,
Or ſenſeleſs Noiſe and Lewdneſs move,
Or Sleep, the cure of theſe, and ev'ry other Pain.

II.

Since to ſome Day propitious and great,
Juſtly at firſt thou waſt deſign'd by Fate;

This day, the happieſt of thy many years,
With thee I will forget my Cares:
To my *Corvinus*'s Health thou ſhalt go round,
(Since thou art ripen'd for to day,
And longer Age would bring decay)
Till ev'ry anxious thought in the rich ſtream
(be drown'd.

III.

To thee, my Friend, his roughneſs ſhall ſubmit,
And *Socrates* himſelf a while forget.
Thus when old *Cato*, wou'd ſometimes unbend,
The rugged ſtiffneſs of his mind,
Stern and ſevere, the Stoic quaff'd his Bowl,
His frozen Vertue felt the Charm,
And ſoon grew pleas'd, and ſoon grew warm,
And bleſt the ſprightly pow'r, that chear'd his
(gloomy Soul.

IV. With

IV.

With kind conſtraint ill nature thou doſt bend,
And mold the ſnarling Cynic to a friend.
The Sage reſerv'd, and fam'd for gravity,
Finds all he knows ſumm'd up in thee,
And by thy pow'r unlock'd, grows eaſy, gay, and free.
The Swain, who did ſome credulous Nymph perſwade
To grant him all, inſpir'd by thee
Devotes her to his vanity,
And to his fellow Fops toaſts the abandon'd Maid.

V.

The wretch, who preſs'd beneath a load of cares,
And lab'ring with continual Woes, deſpairs,
If thy kind warmth does his chill'd ſenſe invade,
From Earth he rears his drooping head,

Re-

Reviv'd by thee, he ceaſes now to mourn;
His flying cares gives way to haſte,
And to the God reſign his Breaſt,
Where hopes of better days, and better things return.

VI.

The lab'ring Hind, who with hard toyl and pains
Amidſt his wants a wretched life maintains;
If thy rich Juice his homely Supper crown,
Hot with thy Fires, and bolder grown,
Of Kings, and of their Arbitrary Pow'r,
And how by impious Arms they reign,
Fiercely he talks with rude diſdain,
And vows to be a Slave, to be a Wretch no more.

VII.

Fair Queen of Love, and thou great God of Wine,
Hear ev'ry Grace, and all ye Pow'rs Divine,
All that to Mirth and Friendſhip do incline,
Crown

Crown this auſpicious Cask, and happy night,
With all things that can give delight,
Be every Care and anxious Thought away;
Ye Tapers ſtill be bright and clear,
Rival the Moon, and each pale Star,
Your Beams ſhall yield to none, but his who
(brings the day.

To Venus. *Ode* 1. *l.* 4.

By the ſame Hand.

I.

ONce more the Queen of Love invades my
(Breaſt,
Late, with long Eaſe, and peaceful Pleaſures bleſt;
Spare, ſpare the Wretch, that ſtill has been thy
(ſlave,
And let my former ſervice have
The merit to protect me to the Grave.

Much

Much am I chang'd from what I once have been,
When under *Cynara* good and fair,
With Joy I did thy Fetters wear,
Blest in the gentle Sway of an indulgent Queen.

II.

Stiff and unequal to the Labour now,
With Pain my Neck beneath thy yoak I bow.
Why dost thou urge me still to beat? Oh! why
Dost thou not much rather fly
To youthful Breasts, to mirth and gayety?
Go, bid thy Swans their glossy Wings expand,
And swiftly thro the yielding Air
To *Sylvio* thee their Goddess bear,
Worthy to be thy Slave, and fit for thy command.

III.

Noble, and graceful, witty, gay, and young,
Joy in his heart, Love on his charming tongue,

Skill'd

Skill'd in a thouſand ſoft prevailing Arts,
With wondrous force the youth imparts
Thy Pow'r to unexperienc'd Virgins hearts.
Far ſhall he ſtretch the bounds of thy command.
And if thou ſhalt his wiſhes bleſs,
Beyond his Rivals with ſucceſs,
In Gold and Marble ſhall thy Statues ſtand.

IV.

Beneath the Sacred ſhade of *Odel*'s Wood,
Or on the Banks of *Ouſe*'s gentle Flood,
With od'rous Beams a Temple he ſhall raiſe
For ever ſacred to thy Praiſe,
Till the fair Stream, and Wood, and Love it ſelf decays;
There while rich Incenſe on thy Altar burns,
Thy Votaries, the Nymphs and Swains,
In melting ſoft harmonious ſtrains,
Mixt with the ſofter Flutes, ſhall tell their Flames by turns.

V. As

V.

As Love and Beauty with the Light are born,
So with the day thy Honours shall return;
Some lovely youth, pair'd with a blushing Maid,
A Troop of either Sex shall lead,
And twice the *Salian* Measures round thy Altar tread.
Thus with an equal Empire o're the Light,
The Queen of Love, and God of Wit;
Together rise, together set,
But Goddess do thou stay, and bless alone the Night.

VI.

There mayst thou reign, while I forget to love:
No more false Beauty shall my Passion move;
Nor shall my fond, believing Heart be led,
By mutual Vows and Oaths betray'd

To

To hope for Truth from the proteſting Maid.
With Love the ſprightly Joys of Wine are fled;
The Roſes too ſhall wither now,
That us'd to ſhade and crown my Brow,
And round my chearful Temples fragrant Odours ſhed.

VII.

But tell me *Cynthia*, ſay, bewitching Fair,
What mean theſe Sighs? Why ſteals this falling Tear?
And when my ſtruggling Thoughts for paſſage ſtrove,
Why did my Tongue refuſe to move?
Tell me, can this be any thing but Love?
Still with the Night my Dreams my Griefs renew,
Still ſhe is preſent to my Eyes,
And ſtill in vain, I, as ſhe flies,
O're Woods, and Plains, and Seas, the ſcornful Maid purſue.

The

The 4th Epist. of Hor. l. 1.
Imitated by the same hand.
Inscrib'd to R. Thornhil, *Esq;*

THornhill, whom doubly to my Heart commend
The Critic's Art, and Candour of a Friend.
Say what thou dost in thy Retirement find
Worthy the Labours of thy active Mind.
Whether the Tragic Muse inspires thy Thought,
To emulate what moving *Otway* wrote:
Or whether to the Covert of some Grove
Thou and thy Thoughts do from the World remove,
Where to thy self thou all those Rules dost show,
That Good men ought to practice, or Wise know.
For sure thy Mass of Man, is no dull Clay,
But well inform'd with the Celestial Ray.

The

The bounteous Gods to thee compleatly kind,
In a fair Frame inclos'd thy fairer Mind.
And tho they did profuſely Wealth beſtow,
They gave thee the true uſe of Wealth to know:
Cou'd ev'n the Nurſe wiſh for her darling Boy
A Happineſs which thou doſt not enjoy:
What can her fond Ambition ask, beyond
A Soul by Wiſdoms nobleſt precepts crown'd.
To this, fair Speech, and happy utterance join'd,
To unlock the ſecret Treaſures of the Mind,
And make the Bleſſing common to Mankind.
On theſe let Health and Reputation wait,
The favour of the Vertuous, and the Great:
A Table chearfully and cleanly ſpread,
Stranger alike to Riot and to Need.
Such an Eſtate as no extreams may know,
A free and juſt diſdain for all things elſe below.

Amidst uncertain Hopes, and anxious Cares,
Tumultuous Strife, and miserable Fears,
Prepare for all Events thy constant Breast,
And let each day be to thee as thy last.
That morning's dawn will with new pleasure rise,
Whose Light shall unexpected bless thy Eyes.
Me, when to Town in Winter you repair,
Batt'ning in Ease you'll find, sleek, fresh and fair.
Me, who have learnt from *Epicurus* Lore,
To snatch the Blessings of the flying hour;
Whom every *Friday* at the *Vine* you'll find,
His true Disciple, and your faithful Friend.

SONG.

WHile *Sapho* with harmonious Airs,
Her dear *Philenis* charms,
With Equal Joy the Nymph appears,
Dissolving in her Arms.

Thus

Thus to themselves alone they are
What all mankind can give;
Alternately the happy pair
All grant and all receive.

Like the Twin Stars, so fam'd for Friends,
Who set by turns and rise,
When one to *Thetis* Lap descends,
His Brother mounts the Skies.

With happier Fate, and kinder Care,
These Nymphs by turns do reign,
While still the falling does prepare
The rising to sustain.

The Joys of either Sex in Love,
In each of them we read,
Successive each to each does prove
Fierce Youth and yielding Maid.

SONG.

I.

Sylvia, how have thy kisses lost
Since yesterday their luscious Taste:
In vain I hunt thee round to find
Delights that ravish'd then my mind:
Tho thou art still more fair and bright,
Than day dividing from the night.

II.

Oh! now I know the Reason why;
At every touch you made me dye;
Sighs following kisses with such haste,
As I were then to breathe my last.
Doubting did all my thoughts confuse,
Whilst I was yours, and you not mine.

III. In

III.

In vain I urge my heart to beat,
As when we first began to treat:
No second danger can alarm
Him who has past the greatest harm.
Had you but still deny'd me, you,
I still had wishing been and true.

The Nature of Dreams.

By Mr *Stepney.*

AT dead of night Imperial Reason sleeps,
And Fancy with her Train loose Revels keeps,
Then airy Phantoms a mixt Scene display,
Of what we heard, or saw, or wish'd by day;
For Memory those Images retains,
Which Passion form'd, and still the strongest reigns.

Huntſmen renew the Chace they lately run,
And Gen'rals fight again their Battels won.
Spectres and Furies haunt the Murd'rers dreams,
Grants or Diſgraces are the Courtier's Themes.
The Miſer ſpys a Thief, or a new Hoard,
The Cit's a Knight, the Sycophant a Lord.
Thus Fancy's in the wild diſtraction loſt,
With what we moſt abhor, or covet moſt.
But of all Paſſions, that our Dreams controul,
Love prints the deepeſt Image in the Soul;
For vigorous Fancy, and warm Blood diſpenſe
Pleaſures ſo lively that they rival ſenſe.
Such are the Tranſports of a willing Maid,
Not yet by Time, and Place to act betraid:
Whom Spies, or ſome faint Vertue force to fly
That Scene of Joy, which yet ſhe dyes to try.
Till Fancy Bawds, and by myſterious charms,
Brings the dear Object to her longing Arms,

Un-

Unguarded then ſhe melts, acts fierce delight,
And curſes the Returns of envious Light.
In ſuch bleſt Dreams *Biblys* enjoys a flame,
Which waking ſhe deteſts, and dares not name.
Ixion gives a looſe to his wild Love,
And in his airy Viſions cuckolds *Jove*.
Honours and State before this Phantome fall,
For Sleep, like Death, its Image, equals all.

Epiſtola ad amiciſſimum T. A. Baronettum, W. S.

EN iterum officioſa Camæna, en, qualia habet,
(dat
Carmina, & ut Tibi grata forent quæ carmina
(profert,
Non metuit *Flacci* numeros imitarier audens.
Scilicet *Angliaci* ulterius faſtidia Rythmi
Ferre nequis, quis enim tulerit ſine bile recentes,

Qui vates ſapit antiquos, quorum omnia magna,
Omnia plus quam humana ſonant, rapiuntque (legentem?
Te teſtor, cum *Virgilium Flaccumve* revolvis,
Nonne ſolent animo tetricæ vaneſcere curæ,
Nonne potes vel jam morbi deponere partem,
Alkali qui toties, toties *Acidumque* fefellit.
O! ego ſi poteram quoque, numine plenus eodem,
Te medicis ſanare modis, Te carmine Sacro
Demulcere! ſed heu circum præcordia ſanguis
Torpet iners, mentemq; negavit iniquus Apollo
Ne tamen ignarus penitus videar, cape verſus,
Quos non ingenium, ſed quos amor obtulit ingens.

Scire cupis quid amicus agit, cum non ſimul adſis,
Queis ſtudiis verſatur, euntes ut locat horas?
Mane novo ſomnum excutiens, ænigmata juris
Exploro medium vel ad uſq; diem (puto credis

Haud

Haud ita gratum opus) *Hobartum Cocumq;* alioſq;
Legum Scriptores evolvo (ignota Camænis
Nomina) qui tamen olim opibuſq; & honore re-
(pendent
Perpetuas curaſq; catenatoſq; labores.
Sex horis ita conſumptis, depono libellos,
Prandiolum poſco; & genio ſi forte litatur
Liberius, bene Te mea quæq; ad pocula dico.
Si non, quin mens aſperior ſe contrahit in ſe,
Rebus, quas habeo, expenſis, cum prima propinquat
Nox, adeuntq; poetarum genus omne domum, quæ,
Æmula *Parnaſſi* Muſarum cella vocatur,
Quæ præbet doctos, fuſoſque Helicone liquores;
Sobrius hic perpendo novi quid ſcripta ferunt, quid
Rex *Polonus* agit, quo res *Lithuana* loco ſtat;
Dum Critici coeunt, & judicio nimis acri
Shakſperi Tragica & *Johnſoni* Comica damnant,
Ut pote queis niſi *Ariſtophanes Sophocleſq;* placet nil
His non *Dridenus* patientem accommodat aurem,

Qui

Quin ſua vindicat, atq; pares depoſcit honores.
Hinc doctæ ſurgunt lites hinc jurgia docta.
Stant circum Pſeudocriticiq; *Poetaſtriq;*
Quos inter *Cycnus*, dicteria ludicra ſpargens,
Provocat immodicos inſulſus ſcurra cachinnos,
Sin minus hæc placeant, feror ad vicina Theatra,
Et bona ſi populo exhibeatur fabula, ſedem
Ingreſſus capio, variæ meq; addo coronæ.
Forſitan a dextra Phillis larvata jocatur,
Ridet, laſcivit, tunditq; loquacior aures;
A lævaq; niteſcit homo teres atq; rotundus,
Ambroſias quaſſatq; comas, & vertice odores
Diffundit ſuaves, & olentem opobalſama nubem.
Garritur paulum; mox mimica turba in arenam
Prodit, & humanam ludit ſub imagine vitam,
Exprimit hic Davum, qui argento emungit avarum
Aſtutus Patrem, ut grato ſuccurrat amanti.

Ille

Ille gravem tacita ora premens agit *Aldermannum*,
Nec niſi demiſſis oculis & voce ſevera
Quid profert, *is nempe ſapit, qui pauca loqui ſcit.*
Alter *Narciſſum*, qui vultû, habituque decore
Compoſito incedens, languentis corda Corinnæ
Figit, mollia ſeu loquitur, ſeu dulcia cantat.
Alter purpureum, ſtipante Satellite, Regem,
Imperii curas contractâ fronte gerentem.
Alter & Heroem rorantes ſanguine campos
Narrantem, partaſq; frequenti vulnere lauros.
Nec non Fœminæ habent partes, hæc ſcilicet inſtar
Reginæ graditur, Tyrioq; ſuperbit in Oſtro;
Illa vafras artes meretricis, & illa tenellæ
Virginis innocuas, duras docet altera matris.
Et jam fervet opus, videor coramq; tueri
Quicquid agit mundus, conſulta, negotia, mores.
Sin mala fabula ſit, quas novi, viſum eo nymphas;
Colloquio dulciq; damus quod temporis hæret.

For-

Forsan differitur quid amor, præcordia circum
Quam ludit; cæcoq; medullas exedit igne.
Forte juvat potius vel pictis ludere chartis,
Vel tentare jocos, & obliquo scommate nostros
Stringere vicinos, dum *Turcica pocla* bibentes
Concutimus risum, &, furtim labentibus horis,
Ducimus in mediam, genialia tempora, noctem.
Deinde domum rediens, fessus rerum, peto lectum.

Tu tamen interea, ante alios, dilecte, sodales,
Quaque die peragras saltus procul urbe salubres,
Pulmones recreare parans vitalibus auris.
O! Dii vivere dent sanum, rectèque valentem;
Urbi dent iterum rediisse, & (ut ante solebas)
Hybernas sermone benigno tendere noctes;
Dent iterum tales noctes, qualis fuit illa,
Qua Tu *Virgilii*, quaque alter amicus *Horati*
Æmuli ad exemplum, vovistis pocula Musis,
Effinxistis & illis omnia digna Poetis.

An

An Epiſtle to Mr W--- *Fellow of* Trin. Coll. Cantab.

By W. S.

NOw Thou, Dear *Will*, and ev'ry friend's withdrawn,
How do I loath the pleaſures of the Town,
How ſlowly drag my joyleſs minutes on.
For here, alas! the *Moral* ſtate of things,
(As once the *Nat'ral*) from *Confuſion* ſprings.
Here men, like *Epicurus* atoms, jar;
And propagate eternal, medley *War*;
Their fond deſires wild and unguided rove,
Without a fix'd determin'd *center* for their love.

But happy they, who Solitude poſſeſs,
Where all is *Harmony*, where all is *Peace*;
Where the glad Soul, releas'd from mortal cares,
Aſcends in raptures to her kindred Stars:

From

From whence her cloudleſs penetrating eye
Can into Nature's hidden cauſes pry,
Can ev'ry height, and ev'ry depth deſcry.
Fool that I was, to leave thoſe ſweet Retreats,
The Muſes deareſt, moſt engaging Seats,
Where *Cham* (our Poets Helicon and Theam)
Laves *Granta*'s Walls with his immortal ſtream.

For here we knew delights of ev'ry kind,
That could at once inſtruct, and charm the mind.
We nicely trac'd the Origine of *things*;
How firſt-born *Light* diſplay'd her ſilver wings;
What unſeen Force, what active Energy,
Informs the vaſt Rotation of the *Sky*;
Whether on its own Baſe this *Earthy ball*
Does ſtand unmov'd, or in a circle rowl;
How Seas reciprocally ebb and flow,
And to what ſecret cauſe theſe motions owe.

Thus

Thus Reaſons pow'r thro Heav'n, and Earth and Main,
Diffus'd its univerſal, boundleſs reign.

But chiefly we employ'd our ſtudious care
On Arguments more uſeful and *ſincere.*
How *Objects* operate on humane minds,
How this to good, how that to bad inclines;
And hence we learnt our *Paſſions* to controul,
To moderate our *Will* by *Reaſon*'s rule;
To *know ourſelves*, and foreign thoughts decline,
For a vaſt field of Science lies within;
Each faculty profound reflection gives,
From which the conſcious *Soul* divine delight receives.
O bleſt Philoſophy, that entertains
Man with himſelf — A ſubject worth his pains!

But

But when sometimes we would unbend our care
From studies too abstracted, and severe,
Then Poetry we read.
The lofty *Milton* was our usual choice,
Whose elevated, more than humane voice,
Is tun'd to Angels ears, is tun'd too high
For any theme but Immortality.
Or else *Homer* and *Virgil* did engage,
And warm our breasts with their inspiring rage;
Nor knew we whether Genius to prefer,
Both so transcendent, both so matchless were.
Horace (thy darling *Horace*) too we read,
A nobler Bard nor *Rome* nor *Athens* bred;
Each verse, each word's with wondrous niceness (writ,
The Critick's Art refin'd the Poet's Wit.
Thus was our time in solid pleasures spent,
In all the blessings of a full content.

O how I long, from City Tumults free,
Dear *Cambridge*, and thy dearer ſelf to ſee!
But the mean while accept, at leaſt excuſe,
The fond Remembrance of an abſent Muſe;
Permit a friend, tho in unpoliſh'd ſtrains,
By repreſenting to relieve his pains.

Hor. Ode 25. lib. 3.

Inſcribed to a Friend.

By W. S.

SInce my own artleſs, and unpractic'd Muſe,
Can nothing ſprightly, nothing new produce,
I've here attempted to expreſs,
In a rough *Engliſh* Dreſs,
One of your *Horace*'s divineſt lays:
One which he ſung, when *Bacchus* fir'd his veins,
Inſpiring thoughts unknown to cooler Brains.

So Shrubs, that of themſelves from Earth could never riſe,
Creep round the towring Oak, and flouriſh to the Skies.

But all my bold attempt alas is vain!
For who can hope to reach the ſweet immortal ſtrain
Of the *Venuſian* never dying *Swain*?

To Bacchus.

O Whither am I hurried, God of Wine,
Inſpir'd and full of Thee?
Into what Caves, what Deſarts do I fly,
Driv'n by ſome new impetuous ſoul, and influence divine?
In what receſſes am I heard to raiſe
My voice, high as immortal *Cæſar*'s praiſe,
To mix him with his kindred Stars above,
To plant him in the Council of his *Jove*?

Some-

Something I meditate,
Propitious all, and eminently great;
Something yet new, and yet unſung,
By any other tongue.
With ſuch amazement, ſuch a frantick flight,
Mad ſleepleſs *Bacchanals* ſcour up the ſteepy (Mountains height;
Whence glaring they behold eternal winter's (face,
Chill'd *Heber*'s Stream, and Snowy *Thrace*,
And the fam'd *Rhodopean* hill,
Where rough Barbarians dwell.
With what delight my wondring fancy roves
Thro pathleſs Banks, and unfrequented Groves!
O Thou, whoſe pow'rful energy's confeſt
By ev'ry Goddeſs of the flood,
By thy wild Prieſteſs, when her tender breaſt
With fierce enthuſiaſtick rage poſſeſt,
Proclaims the preſent God;

That in her sacred *round*
She tears up lofty Ashes from the ground!
Nothing I speak or low or mean shall be,
But rising all to Immortality.
Such flights are dangerously high,
They soar on too sublime a wing, approach too near the Sky:
But, *Bacchus*, ev'ry danger's sweet and pleasing found,
While with warm elevated heads
We follow Thee with Vine-leaf Garland's crown'd,
We follow whereso'e're thy inspiration leads.

An Epistle to Mr Montague.

By Mr Power.

Translated from the Latin *by* H. Lloyd, *Esq*;.

DEar *Charles* if undeceiv'd, I may depend
On the same heart that made Thee once my Friend,
Thou

Thou wilt, as heretofore, with joy perusse
Th' unlabour'd products of a Sister Muse.
Whate're I write (since 'tis by your commands)
Pardon if bad, applause if good demands.
For Vanity, each Poet's bane, does raise
His merits high, and sawcily usurps the Bays.
Perhaps you'll ask, what made me write in Verse,
When Prose more freely wou'd my thoughts express.
If Poets swarm, and Writing's a Disease,
Let me, as others do, my Frenzy please.
Who can be grave in Drunkard's company?
Who amongst Poets not a Poet be?
For my part, I'll not live mew'd up alone,
Nor can I in the croud Contagion shun,
But am an errant scribbling Poet grown.
Sometimes my own Invention I employ,
Then read the Authors of Antiquity.

And if with all my pains I can explore
The Treaſures of the *Greek* and *Latin* ſtore,
It amply recompences ev'ry hour.
I from my ſtudious youth have always paid
Juſt admiration to thoſe *learned dead*;
Still with my years increaſes my Eſteem,
Which from maturer age will yet addition claim.

'Tis thought a good employment of our time
(If skill'd in Modern Poetry and Rhime)
To imitate in our own native tongue,
Some *Greek* or *Roman* Bard's immortal Song.

A ſtrange unuſual warmth inflames my mind,
Whether to prove my utmoſt ſtrength inclin'd;
Or fond Ambition does my Spirits raiſe
To the purſuit of flatt'ring airy praiſe;

Or

Or both: but I have ventur'd to expreſs
In my beſt *Engliſh*, moſt Poeick dreſs,
How lab'ring Bees diſpoſe their Waxen Hive,
How thro the ſpringing Meads in ſwarms they drive,
There ſucking balmy dews from fragrant flow'rs,
Then homeward bring their ſweet ambroſial ſtore.
Such ſtudies recreate my vacant hours.

But I wou'd know, my Friend, how thou'rt employ'd,
What cares and pleaſures do thy time divide.
Whether in bus'neſs, or from bus'neſs free,
Thou never to thy ſelf wilt wanting be.
Are the diverſions of the noiſy Town
So entertaining, ſo attractive grown,
As to ſuſpend thy long-deſir'd return,
And make thy *Cambridge* yet her abſent darling mourn?

Dost Thou, a dear Companion of the Bowl,
With gen'rous Juices warm thy sprightly Soul;
Or, more to Gallantry inclin'd, resort
To the gay glitt'ring pleasures of the Court?
Or dost thou, to avoid encroaching care,
Frequent the crowded pompous Theatre;
There (when the acted Play's correctly writ)
Approve the labour'd Scenes, applaud the Poet's Wit?
But, if the Town must still with-hold thee, send
Some kind production to thy longing Friend.
For, nothing when depriv'd of thee, can ease
My troubled Soul, but thy own charming layes.

We, who remov'd from publick cares and strife,
Here undisturb'd enjoy a College life:
In Books and Learned Conversation pass
The golden Leisure of our happy days.

Nor

Nor yet moroſely do we ſpend our time,
But know the ſweets of Friendſhip crown'd with Wine.
Not that we e're indulge it to exceſs,
E're feel the nauſeous qualms of Drunkenneſs;
But thoſe companions ſhun, who waſte the night,
Who ſottiſhly to pain pervert delight.
For the infections of the morning air,
Crude and unwholeſome fogs, their health impair,
Their health, their purſe, their fame, one common ruin ſhare.

Thus, leſt your Friend of ſloth you ſhould accuſe,
I've mimick'd *Horace*'s inimitable Muſe;
Whoſe Verſe, tho poliſh'd, yet neglected flows,
In free familiar numbers, more like Proſe.

But,

But if your abſence move my rage again,
Expect a rougher importuning ſtrain,
Drawn from the ſame rich inexhauſted vein.

An Epiſtle to N. Rowe, *Eſq;*.

By William Shippen, *Eſq;*.

Tranſlated from the Latin by H. Lloyd, *Eſq;*.

DEar *Phoſphorus*, the Muſes beſt belov'd,
While Thou'rt to Country Solitude re-
(mov'd;
While all ſerene within, without ſecure,
Thou with thy Friend enjoys each ſmiling hour;
Like thy own *Phœbus* with alluring ſtrains,
Chaſing a kinder *Daphne* o're the Plains:
Unhappy I, to City-cares condemn'd,
Divided am from ev'ry Muſe, and ev'ry Friend.

And

And now *unintermitting* Feavers boyl
Within my Veins, inflaming all my Soul,
O that I was from hence to Thee convey'd,
To ſome *Devonian* Hills extended ſhade;
Where never-ceaſing breezes might aſſwage
The *Ætnæan* heat, that in my Breaſt does rage:
But nothing can relieve the reſtleſs flame,
Nothing its unrebating fury tame.
For oft with force of Argument I've ſtrove
To overcome the follies of my Love;
To reaſon down the charm of Womankind,
As objects far beneath mans nobler mind.
For Nature when ſhe form'd the Sex took care,
Not to produce them wiſe, but only fair.
He then deludes himſelf, who hears and ſees
Loud Thunder in their Tongues, keen light'ning
(in their eyes.

Since

Since such wild phantoms no existence have,
But what from blinded Reason they receive.
As when mistaken Votaries adore,
In wooden Images, Almighty Pow'r,
Not the Artificer that carv'd the Tree,
But those, that worship, make the Deity.
These Arguments, tho strong, successless prove,
When e're I hear the sweeter sounds of Love:
Behold the beauteous Nymph's transcendent height,
Whose milder beams not wound, but heal the sight!
Behold the Virgin lustre of her face;
Her youthful bloom, fairer than morning rays!
Behold how Vertue's self improv'd appears,
A more divine, more lovely habit wears!
Vertue indeed, from others, seldom gains,
In its own Nature ev'ry good contains;

But

But here its harſh auſterity you find
To gentle ſweet humanity refin'd,
And here with double charms it decks the mind.
Such ſoothing ſoft Ideas ſoon inſpire,
Soon melt my kindling breaſt to new deſire.
And now redoubled fires inflame my heart,
Diffuſing thro my blood intolerable ſmart.
As when quick Poyſon rankles in our veins,
No Herbs, no Remedies can eaſe our pains;
The fatal foe purſues th' inteſtine ſtrife,
And by degrees works down the fainting ſprings
of life.

To Thee theſe hapleſs ſecrets I diſcloſe,
To Thee, companion of my griefs and joys;
Whoſe well weigh'd counſels always could con-
troul
The wild purſuits of my miſguided Soul;

Once

Once more aſſiſt, and Thou ſhalt be to me
A faithful Friend, a guardian Deity.

DESIRE.

A Pindaric.

WHat art thou, O thou new-found pain!
From what Infection doſt thou ſpring,
Tell me, Oh tell me, thou inchanting thing,
Thy Nature, and thy Name.
Inform me by what ſubtil Art,
What powerful Influence,
You got ſuch vaſt Dominion in a part
Of my unheeded, and unguarded heart,
That Fame and Honour cannot drive you thence?
Oh miſchievous Uſurper of my Peace!
Oh ſoft Intruder on my Solitude!
Charming Diſturber of my Eaſe,

That

That haſt my nobler fate purſu'd,
And all the glories of my life ſubdu'd!

Thou haunt'ſt my inconvenient hours,
The buſineſs of the day, nor ſilence of the night,
That ſhould to Cares, and Sleep invite,
Can bid defiance to thy conquering pow'rs.
Where haſt thou been this live-long age,
That from my birth till now
Thou never didſt one Thought engage,
Or charm my Soul with the uneaſie rage
That made it all its humbler foibles know?

Where wert thou, O malicious Sprite,
When ſhining glory did invite?
When Int'reſt call'd, then thou wert ſhye,
Nor one kind Aid to my aſſiſtance brought,
Nor wouldſt inſpire one tender thought,
When Princes at my feet did lye.

When

When thou cou'dſt mix Ambition with my Joy,
Then, peeviſh Phantom, thou wert nice and coy.
Not Beauty cou'd invade Thee then,
Nor all the Arts of Laviſh men;
Not all the pow'rful Rhet'ric of the Tongue,
Nor Sacred Wit, cou'd charm thee on;
Not the ſoft play that Lovers make,
Nor ſighs cou'd fan thee to a fire,
No pleading Tears or Vows cou'd thee awake,
Nor charm the unform'd—Something—to Deſire.
Oft I've conjur'd thee to appear,
By Youth, by Love, by all their pow'rs,
Have ſearch'd and ſought thee ev'ry where,
In ſilent Groves, in lonely Bow'rs,
On flowry Beds, where Lovers wiſhing lye;
In ſheltring Woods, where ſighing Maids
To their aſſigning Shepherds hye,
And hide their bluſhes in the gloom of Shades.

Yet

Yet there, ev'n there the youth aſſail'd,
Where Beauty proſtrate lay, and Fortune woo'd,
My heart (inſenſible) to neither bow'd;
Thy lucky aid was wanting to prevail.

In Courts I ſought thee then, thy proper Sphere,
But thou with Crowds wert ſtifled there;
Int'reſt did all the loving buſineſs do,
Invites the Youths, and wins the Virgins too.
Or if by chance ſome heart thy Empire own,
Ah Pow'r Ingrate! the Slave muſt be undone.

Tell me, thou nimble fire, that didſt dilate
Thy mighty force thro ev'ry part,
What God or human pow'r did thee create,
In my (till now) unfacile heart?
Art thou ſome welcome plague ſent from (above,
In this dear Form, this kind diſguiſe?

Or the false Off-spring of mistaken Love,
Begot by some fort thought, that feebly strove
With the bright piercing Beauties of *Lysander's* Eyes.

Yes, yes, Tormenter, I have found thee now,
And found to whom thou dost thy being owe;
'Tis thou, the blushes dost impart,
'Tis thou, that trembleſt in my heart
When the dear Shepherd does appear,
I faint and dye with pleasing pain,
My words, intruding Sighings break,
When e're I touch the charming Swain;
When e're I gaze, when e're I speak,
Thy conscious fire is mingled with my Love;
As in the Sanctify'd Abodes
Misguided Worshippers approve
The mixing Idols with their Gods.

In vain (alas) in vain I ſtrive
With Errors, which my Soul do pleaſe and vex,
For Superſtition will ſurvive,
Purer Religion to perplex.

Oh tell me, you Philoſophers in Love,
That can theſe burning feveriſh fits controul,
By what ſtrange Arts you cure the Soul,
And the fiery Calenture remove?
Tell me, ye fair ones, you that give deſire,
How 'tis you hide the kindling fire?
Oh would you but confeſs the truth,
It is not real Vertue makes you nice;
But when you do reſiſt the preſſing youth,
'Tis want of dear Deſire to thaw the Virgin-Ice.
And when your young Adorers lye
All languiſhing and hopeleſs at your feet,
Raiſing new Trophies to your Chaſtity,
Oh tell me how you do remain diſcreet,

And not the passion to the Throng make known,
Which *Cupid* in revenge, has now confin'd to (one?
How you suppress the rising Sighs,
And the soft yielding Soul that wishes in your (Eyes?
While to the admiring crowd you nice are found,
Some Dear, some secret Youth, who gives the (wound,
Informs you all your Vertue's but a cheat,
And Honour but a false Disguise;
Your Modesty a necessary Slight,
To gain the dull Repute of being Wise.

Deceive the foolish world, deceive it on,
And veil your Passion in your Pride,
But now I've found your Weakness by my own,
From me the needful fraud you cannot hide;
For tho with Vertue I the world perplex,
Lysander finds the foible of my Sex.

So

So *Helen*, tho from *Theseus* Arms she fled,
To charming *Paris* yields her Heart and Bed.

Epistle to Flavia.

On the sight of two Pindarick Ode's on the Spleen and Vanity.

Written by a Lady her Friend.

By *N. Rowe*, Esq;

Flavia, to you, with safety, I commend
This Verse, the secret Failing of your friend,
To your good nature I securely trust,
Who know that to Conceal is to be just.
The Muse, like wretched Maids by Love undone,
From friends, acquaintance, and the light would run;
Conscious of folly, fears attending shame,
Fears the censorious world, and loss of Fame.

Some Confident by chance she finds (tho few
Pity the fools whom Love, or Verse undo,)
Whose fond Compassion sooths her in the sin,
And sets her on to venture once again.

Sure, in the better ages of old time,
Nor Poetry nor Love was thought a Crime;
From heav'n they both, the gods best gifts, were (sent,
Divinely perfect both, and innocent.
Then were bad Poets and loose Loves not known;
None felt a warmth, which they might blush to (own:
Beneath cool shades our happy Fathers lay,
And spent in pure, untainted joys the day;
Artless their Loves, artless their Numbers were,
While Nature simply did in both appear,
Nor could the Censor, or the Critick fear.

Pleas'd

Pleas'd to be pleas'd, they took what heaven bestow'd,
Nor were too Curious of the given Good.
At length, like *Indians*, fond of fancy'd toys,
We loft being happy, to be thought more wife;
In one curft age, to punifh Verfe and Sin,
Criticks and Hangmen, both at once, came in;
Wit and the Laws had both the fame ill fate,
And partial Tyrants fway'd in either ftate:
Then a lewd Tyde of Verfe, with vicious rage,
Broke in upon the Morals of the Age.
The Stage (whofe art was once the mind to move
To Noble Daring, and to Virtuous Love)
Precept, with Pleafure, mixt, no more profeft,
But dealt in double meaning Bawdy jeft:
The fhocking founds offend the blufhing fair,
And drive 'em from the guilty Theatre.

Ye wretched Bards! from whom these ills have sprung,
Whom the avenging pow'rs have spar'd too long,
Well may you fear the blow will surely come,
Your *Sodom* has no *ten* t' avert its doom;
Unless the fair *Ardelia* will alone
To Heav'n for all the guilty Tribe atone;
Nor can *ten* Saints do more than such a *One*.
Since she alone of the Poetic Crowd,
To the false Gods of Wit has never bow'd;
The Empire, which she saves, shall own her sway,
And all *Parnassus* her blest Laws obey.

Say, from what Sacred Fountain, Nymph Divine!
The Treasures flow, which in thy Verse do shine?
With what strange Inspiration art thou blest?
What more than *Delphic* Ardor warms thy breast?
Our sordid Earth ne're bred so bright a flame,
But from the Skys, thy kindred Skys it came.

To

To Numbers great like thine, th' Angelick Quire
In Joyous Consort tune the Golden Lyre.
Viewing, with pitying eyes, our Care's with thee,
They wisely own, that *All is Vanity*;
Ev'n all the joys which mortal minds can know,
And find *Ardelia*'s Verse the least vain thing below.

If *Pindar*'s name to those blest mansions reach,
And Mortal Muses may Immortal teach;
In Verse like his, the Heav'nly Nation raise
Their tuneful Voices, to their Makers praise.
Nor shall Celestial Harmony disdain
For once to imitate an Earthly strain,
Whose Fame, secure, no Rival e're can fear,
But those above, and fair *Ardelia* here.
She, who undaunted, could his Raptures view,
And with bold Wings his Sacred heights pursue.

Safe

Safe thro the *Dithyrambick* Stream she steer'd,
Nor the rough Deep in all its dangers fear'd:
Not to the rest, who with successless pain,
Th' unnavigable Torrent try'd in vain.
So *Clelia* leapt into the Rapid flood,
While the *Etruscans* struck with wonder stood;
Amidst the Waves her rash pursuers dy'd,
The Matchless Dame could only stem the tyde,
And gain the Glory of the farther side.

See, with what Pomp the Antick Masque comes in!
The various forms of the Fantastick Spleen.
Vain empty Laughter, howling Grief and Tears,
False joy, bred by false hope, and faster fears;
Each Vice, each Passion which pale Nature wears,
In this odd, monstrous Medley, mixt appears.
Like *Bays*, his dance, confus'dly round they run,
Statesman, *Coquet*, *gay Fop* and *pensive Nun*,

Spectres

Spectres and *Heroes*, *Husbands* and their *Wives*,
With *Monkiſh Drones* that dream away their
(lives.
Long have I labour'd with the dire diſeaſe,
Nor found, but from *Ardelia's* Numbers, eaſe:
The dancing Verſe runs thro' my ſluggiſh veins,
Where dull and cold the frozen Blood remains.
Pale cares and anxious thoughts gives way in
(haſte,
And to returning Joy reſign my Breaſt.
Then free from ev'ry pain I did endure,
I bleſt the charming Author of my Cure.
So when to *Saul*, the great Muſician play'd,
The ſullen Fiend unwillingly obey'd,
And left the Monarch's Breaſt to ſeek ſome
(ſafer ſhade.

The

The Spleen, a Pindarick ODE.

I.

WHat art thou, Spleen, which ev'ry thing (doſt ape?
Thou *Proteus*, to abuſe Mankind,
Who never yet thy real Cauſe could find,
Or fix thee, to remain in one continu'd ſhape:
Still varying thy perplexing form,
Now a dead Sea thou'lt repreſent,
A Calm of ſtupid diſcontent,
Then, daſhing on the Rock, wilt rage into a (ſtorm.

Trembling ſometimes, thou doſt appear
Diſſolv'd into a Pannick fear,
On ſleep intruding, doſt thy ſhadows ſpred,
Thy gloomy terrours round the ſilent bed,
And crowd with boding Dreams, the me- (lancholy head.

Or

Or when the midnight hour is told,
And drooping lids thou ſtill doſt waking hold,
Thy fond deluſions cheat the Eyes,
Before them Antick Spectres dance,
Unuſual Fires, their pointed heads advance,
And airy Phantoms riſe.

Such was the monſtrous Viſion ſeen,
When *Brutus*, now beneath his cares op-
(preſs'd,
And all *Rome*'s Fortunes rowling in his Breaſt!
(Before *Philippi*'s lateſt Field!
Before his Fate, did to *Octavius* yield)
Was vanquiſh'd by the Spleen.

II.

Falſely the Mortal part we blame,
Of our depreſs'd, and pond'rous frame,
Which, till the firſt degrading ſin,
Let thee, its dull Attendant in?

Still

Still, with the other, did comply,
Nor clogg'd the active Soul, diſpos'd to fly,
And range the Manſions of its Native Sky.
For, whilſt in his own Heav'n he dwelt,
Whilſt Man his Paradice poſſeſt,
His fertile Garden in the fragrant Eaſt,
And all united Odours ſmelt;
No arm'd Sweets until thy reign,
Cou'd ſhock the Senſe, or in the Face,
A fluſh'd unhandſome colour place.
Now the *Jonquille* o'recomes the feeble brain,
We faint beneath the Aromatick pain,
Till ſome offenſive ſcent thy pow'rs appeaſe,
And Pleaſure we reſign, for ſhort and nauſeous Eaſe.

III.

In ev'ry one thou doſt poſſeſs,
New are thy Notious, and thy dreſs.

Now

Now, in ſome Grove a liſt'ning friend,
Thy falſe ſuggeſtions muſt attend,
Thy whiſper'd Griefs, thy fancy'd Sorrows hear,
Breath'd in a Sigh, and witneſs'd by a Tear;
Whilſt in the light, and vulger crowd,
Thy Slaves, more clamorous and loud,
By laughters unprovok'd thy influence too confeſs.

In the imperious Wife thou Vapours art,
Which from o're-heated Paſſions riſe,
In Clouds, to the attractive brain,
Till deſcending thence again,
Through the o're caſt, and ſhow'ring Eyes
Upon the Husband's ſoften'd Heart,
He, the diſputed point muſt yield,
Something reſign, of the conteſted Field;

Till

Till Lordly Man, born to Imperial ſway,
Compounds for Peace, to make that Right away,
And Woman, arm'd with Spleen, does ſervilely obey.

IV.

The Fool, to imitate the Wits,
Complains of thy pretended fits,
And dulneſs, born with him, wou'd lay
Upon thy accidental Sway,
Becauſe, ſometimes thou doſt preſume
Into the ableſt Heads to come,
That often, Men of thoughts refin'd,
Impatient of unequal ſenſe,
Such ſlow returns, where they ſo much diſpence
Retiring from the crowd, are to thy ſhades inclin'd

O're

O're me, alas! thou doſt too much prevail,
I feel thy force, whilſt I againſt thee rail:
I feel my Verſe decay, and my crampt Numbers fail.

Through thy black Jaundice, I all objects ſee
As dark, and terrible as thee;
My Lines decry'd, and my Employment thought
An uſeleſs folly, or preſumptuous fault;
Whilſt, in the Muſes paths I ſtray,
Whilſt in their Groves, and by their ſecret Springs,
My hand delights to trace unuſual things,
And deviates from the known, and common way.

Nor will, in fading Silks compoſe
Faintly, th' inimitable Roſe;
Fill up an ill-drawn Bird, or paint on Glaſs
The Sov'raign's blurr'd, and undiſtinguiſh'd Face,
The threatning Angel, and the ſpeaking Aſs.

5

Patron, thou art, to ev'ry groſs abuſe;
The ſullen Husband's feign'd excuſe;
When the ill humour, with his Wife he ſpends,
And bears recruited Wit, and Spirits to his Friends.

The Son of *Bacchus*, pleads thy pow'r,
As to the Glaſs he ſtill repairs,
Pretends, but to remove thy cares,
Snatch from thy Shades one gay, and ſmiling hour,
And drown thy Kingdom in a purple ſhow'r.

When the Coquet, (whom ev'ry fool admires)
Wou'd in variety be fair,
And changing haſtily the Scene,
From Light, Impertinent, and Vain,
Aſſumes a ſoft, a melancholy air,
And, of her Eyes, rebates the wand'ring fires

Th

The careleſs Poſture, and the Head reclin'd,
The thoughtful, and compoſed face,
(Proclaiming the withdrawn, the abſent mind)
Allows the Fop more liberty to gaze;
Who, gently, for the tender cauſe, enquires
The Cauſe indeed, is a defect in ſenſe,
Yet is the Spleen alledg'd, and ſtill, the dull pretence.

6.

But theſe, are thy fantaſtick harms,
The tricks of thy pernicious ſtage,
Which, do the weaker ſort engage,
Worſe, are the dire effects, of thy more pow'rful charms.
By thee, Religion, all we know,
That ſhou'd enlighten here below,

Is veil'd in darkneſs, and perplext,
With anxious doubts, with endleſs ſcruples vext,
And ſome reſtraint imply'd, from each perverted Text.

Whilſt touch not, taſte not, what is freely giv'n,
Is but thy niggard voice, diſgracing bounteous heav'n.

From Speech reſtrain'd, by thy deceipts abus'd,
To Deſarts baniſh'd, or in Cells reclus'd,
Miſtaken Votaries, to the Pow'rs Divine,
Whilſt they a purer Sacrifice deſign,
Do but the Spleen obey, and worſhip at thy ſhrine.

7.

In vain, to chaſe thee, ev'ry Art we try,
In vain, all Remedies apply,

In

In vain, the *Indian* Leaf infuſe,
Or the parch'd Eaſtern Berry bruiſe,
Some paſs in vain thoſe bounds, and nobler Liquors uſe.

Now, Harmony, in vain we bring,
Inſpire the Flute, and touch the ſtring,
From Harmony, no help is had,
Muſick but ſooths Thee, if too ſweetly, ſad,
And if too light, but turns thee gayly mad.

Tho, the Phyſicians greateſt gains,
Although, his growing wealth he ſees
Daily encreas'd by Ladies Fees,
Yet doſt thou baffle all his ſtudious pains:
Not skilful *Lower*, thy ſource cou'd find,
Or, thro the well diſſected Body, trace
The Secret, the myſterious ways,
By which thou doſt ſurprize, and prey upon the mind.

Though, in the search (too deep for humane
(thought)
With unsuccessful toil, he wrought,
Till, thinking Thee t' have catch'd, himself by
(Thee was caught,
Retain'd thy Prisoner, thy acknowledg'd slave,
And sunk, beneath thy Chain, to a lamented
(Grave.

A Pastoral

Between *Menalcas* and *Damon*.

On the Appearance of the Angels to the Shepherds, Upon our Saviour's Birth Day.

By the same hand.

Menal. *D*AMON, whilst thus we nightly watches
(keep,
Breaking the gentle bands of downy sleep,

Lest

Leſt to the greedy Wolves, that hungry ſtray,
Our wand'ring Flocks, become an eaſy prey:
Do thou, for Song renown'd, ſome one recite,
To charm the Seaſon, and deceive the Night.
Whether, thou *Sampſon's* nervous ſtrength (wilt chuſe,
And in bold numbers exerciſe thy Muſe;
Or, if to tender Subjects more inclin'd,
That move ſoft pity, and diſſolve the mind,
Thou, *Joſeph's* Story rather wilt rehearſe,
And weep, o're *Benjamin*, in melting Verſe;
Begin, whilſt liſt'ning to thy voice we lye,
Nor mind the whiſtling Winds, that o're us (fly.
So, *Jeſſe's* Son, upon theſe Plains, when young
Watch'd o're his Flocks, and ſo the Shepherd (ſung.

Dam. So rais'd indeed that youth, his Voice Divine,
Fir'd, with the promis'd Glories of his Line,
As if, on Heav'ns high Mount, himſelf had trod,
And ſeen his Seed aſcend the Seat of God.

Oh! had he lately on our Paſtures been,
And heard the Tydings, and the Viſion ſeen,
When Heav'nly Spirits, cloath'd in Robes of light,
Broke the thick Shadows, and expell'd the night,
Proclaiming Peace below, and Praiſe above,
And opening all the myſteries of Love,
How, had he then, above all others skill'd,
In Raptures ſung, of Prophecies fulfill'd?
Our gath'ring Flocks, upon the Splendour gaz'd
The Weary ſlept not, nor the Hungry graz'd,
Their leaders by them ſtood, delighted and amaz'd.

A pleaſing wonder, (though allay'd with fear)
Fill'd ev'ry Breaſt, and open'd ev'ry Ear,
VVhen thus began the Meſſengers of Heav'n,

To you a Child is born! to you a Son is (giv'n!
Praiſes they gave, and Titles did increaſe,
Wonderful, Councellor, and Prince of Peace;
Long ſince, *Emanuel*, by the Prophet ſtil'd;
Now, God with us, they call'd the *Glorious Child.*

"But hold, a Shepherd while his Flock does feed,
"Muſt chuſe a ſubject ſuited to his Reed;
Nor, with miſtaken ſtrength, attempt the Sky,
But o're the Plains, with eaſie motions fly.
Enough by us, *Menalcas*, may be ſaid
Of the firſt Shepherds, and that lovely Maid,
Whoſe Eyes, cou'd ſev'n years ſervitude allay,
And make them, doubl'd, ſeem but as a day.

Now

Now, to the silver streams their flocks they led,
Now, where the friendly Beech his arms had (spread,
Wide open, to invite them to his shade,
Behold the happy pair, securely laid.
Oh! *Israel*, how did Heav'n thy Joys approve,
Who plac'd thy profit, where it plac'd thy love.
This, be my subject, whilst with rev'rend awe,
My words, from what they cannot reach, with- (draw.

Begin, my Muse, begin the tender Song;
The season sha'nt be cold, nor shall the night be (long.

Menale. As much this Song (at other times (approv'd)
Wou'd grate the hearers, with those wonders (mov'd,
As if, wild Gourds were offer'd to the taste,
When the full Vine, with purple fruit was grac'd;

As

As if *Dametas* ſhou'd to ſing incline,
And raiſe his voice, when we expected thine.

But, let thy Muſe attempt that nobler Song,
The ſeaſon ſhan't be cold, nor ſhall the night be (long.

Dam. Then, be it ſo, though much I fear to try
The lofty meaſures, of a flight ſo high.

The fallen Moon had now her beams with- (drawn,
And left the Skies, e're morning light cou'd dawn;
The Swains were ſilent, and the Flocks were ſtill;
The rapid ſtream, that flows from yonder hill,
Did, by its winding banks, ſo ſoftly ſtray,
As if it meant unſeen, to ſteal away;
A gen'ral darkneſs o're the World was ſpread,
And not one Star wou'd ſhow his trembling head,
Conſcious, no doubt, their dwellings being ſo (nigh,
Of greater Glory, breaking from the Sky.

And

And lo! it came! th' etherial Princes came!
Gently reclin'd on hills of harmleſs flame,
Upon the winds officious wings they flew,
And fairer ſeem'd, ſtill, as they nearer drew;
Myſterious wreaths upon their heads they wore,
And in their hands the ſmiling Olive bore;
Emblems, no doubt, of what they came to move,
For all their words were Peace, and all their looks were Love.
But ne're, by me, the Viſion be expreſt,
By the Sun's Riſing in the Radiant Eaſt;
But ne're, by me, the Voices be compar'd
To *Pan*'s own Notes, when on the Mountains heard;
But ne're, by me, be that tranſcendent ſhow
Liken'd to ought, we glorious call below.
Night, in her Sable Mantle wrapt her head,
And, with unuſual haſte, to lower Worlds ſhe fled.

Fear,

Fear, that at diſtance, had our Hearts poſſeſs'd,
To ſofter Paſſions, yielded every Breaſt,
When thus began the Meſſengers of Heav'n,
To you, a Child is born, to you, a Son is giv'n!

Such Joy! as ends the Harveſts happy toil;
Such Joy! as when the Victors part the ſpoil,
Upon your ranſom'd Heads, ſhall ever ſmile.

When, to full ſtature, and perfection grown,
Poſſeſs'd of Holy *David*'s Sacred Throne,
He ſhall, th' immortal and triumphant Boy,
Th' Infernal Pow'rs, and all their Rule deſtroy,
The curſed Serpent's Head, his weight ſhall feel,
And threaten'd vengeance, for his bruiſed Heel.
The flaming Cherub, ſhall his Guard remit,
And Paradice, again, be open ſet.
Angels, and God, ſhall dwell with Men below,
And Men releas'd, to God, and Angels go.

Peace,

Peace, to the troubl'd World, he ſhall reſtore,
And bloody Diſcord, ſhall prevail no more.
The Lamb his ſide by the tam'd Wolf ſhall lay,
And o're the Aſpics Den, the Child ſhall play.
Contending Elements, his pow'r ſhall own,
The Winds ſhall at his word, their rage lay down,
And the chaf'd Billows ſhall forbear to frown.
Th' untun'd Creation, (by the fall of Man)
Shall move Harmoniouſly, as it began;
The fruitful Autumn, and the gaudy Spring,
Shall ſure returns of Sweets, and Plenty bring,
And thorough ev'ry Grove, the Holy Swains ſhall ſing
Of weighty Truths, preſerv'd in Sacred Rhimes,
T' inſtruct the Paſtors of ſucceeding Times,
In the ſoft Rules of Charity and Love,
Good Will to Men, and Praiſe to Heav'n above.

And

And thou, poor *Bethlehem*, enclos'd with ſhade,
Shall thro all Ages be illuſtrious made,
Since in thy Boſom the Redeemer's laid.
Thouſands in *Judah* did thy ſtate deſpiſe,
Thouſands in *Judah* now thy lot ſhall prize.

Now, *Beor*'s Son! the Star by thee foretold,
Newly adorn'd in pointed rays of Gold,
Calls from thy learned Eaſt th' adoring Kings,
And ev'ry one a ſev'ral Tribute brings.
Sabean Odours, and *Arabian* Ore,
Shall now be offer'd from their choiceſt ſtore.
Go with them, Shepherds, and with like Faith adore.

But ſee! whilſt in theſe pleaſing paths I ſtray,
Night has reſign'd her Rule to riſing Day;
Behind thoſe Eaſtern Hills the Sun appears,
And all around the gay Horizon cheers;

Our

Our joyful Flocks the gladſome morning view,
And from their fleeces ſhake the orient dew;
No more, *Menalcas*, we no more muſt ſing;
But now our Sheep to the freſh Paſtures bring.

Men. Oh! happy Shepherd, favour'd with that ſight,
That can, when but repeated, thus delight.

Not flow'ry Garlands, in the pride of *May*,
Nor rural preſents, can thy merits pay;
Not our firſt Lambs, or choiceſt Fruits that grow,
Enough, alas! our gratitude can ſhow:
There ſhall a Bowl, of antique date, be thine,
And *Joſeph*'s 'twas, by which he did Divine;
Upon the ſides is carv'd in works of Gold
The myſtick ſenſe of what thou doſt unfold;
Cluſters of Grapes about its borders twine,
That ſeem, when fill'd, to have produc'd the Wine:

To

To me by long inheritance it came,
Now, thy reward, and witneſs to thy fame.
When night returns, repeat again this Song,
The ſeaſon ſhan't be cold, nor ſhall it then be long.

An Epiſtle from *Alexander* to *Hephæſtion*, in his Sickneſs.

By the ſame Hand.

With ſuch a Pulſe, with ſuch diſorder'd Veins,
Such lab'ring Breath as thy Diſeaſe conſtrains,
With failing Eyes, that ſcarce the light endure,
So long, unclos'd, they've watch'd thy doubtful cure
To his *Hephæſtion*, *Alexander* writes,
To ſooth thy days, and wing thy ſleepleſs nights

I ſend thee Love, Oh! that I cou'd impart
As well my vital Spirits to thy heart;
That when the fierce diſtemper thine wou'd quell,
They might renew the fight, and the cold Foe (repel.

As on *Arbela's* Plains, we turn'd the Day,
When *Perſians* through our Troops had mow'd (their way;
When the rough *Scythians* on the Plunder run,
And barb'rous Shouts proclaim'd the Conqueſt (won;

Till o're my head (to ſtop the ſwift deſpair)
The Bird of *Jove* fans the ſupporting Air;
Above my Plume does his broad wings diſplay,
And follows, whereſoe're I force my way.
Whilſt *Ariſtander*, in his Robe of white,
Shews to the wav'ring Hoſt, the auſpicious ſight;
New Courage it inſpires in ev'ry breaſt,
And wins at once the Empire of the Eaſt.

Cou'd

Cou'd he, but now, ſome kind preſage afford,
That Health might be again to Thee reſtor'd,
Thou, to my wiſhes, to my fond embrace,
Thy looks the ſame, the ſame Majeſtick Grace,
That round thee ſhone, when we together went
To chear the Royal Captives in their Tent;
Where *Syſigambis*, proſtrate on the Floor,
Did *Alexander* in thy form adore,
Above great *Æſculapius*, ſhou'd he ſtand,
Or made Immortal, by *Apelles* hand.
But no reviving hope his Art allows,
And ſuch cold Damps invade my anxious Brows,
As when in *Cydnus* plung'd, I dar'd the Flood
T' o're-match the boilings of my youthful blood;
But *Philip* to my aid repair'd in haſte,
And whilſt the proffer'd Draught I boldly taſte,
As boldly he the dang'rous Paper views,
Which of hid Treaſons does his Fame accuſe.

More, thy Phyſician's Life on Thine depends,
And what he gives, his own preſerves, or end.

Near thy Pavilion liſtning Princes wait,
Seeking from thine to learn their Monarch's ſtate.
Submitting Kings, that Poſt, from day to day,
To keep thoſe Crowns, which at my feet they lay,
Forget th' ambitious ſubject of their ſpeed,
And here arriv'd, only thy dangers heed.
The Beauties of the Clime, now Thou'rt away,
Droop, and retire, as if their God of Day
No more upon their early Pray'rs wou'd ſhine,
Or take their Incence at his late decline.
Thy *Pariſatis*, whom I fear to name,
Leſt to thy heat, it add redoubl'd flame;
Thy lovely Wife, thy *Pariſatis* weeps,
And in her grief a ſolemn ſilence keeps,

Stretch'd

Stretch'd in her Tent, upon the Floor ſhe lies,
So pale her Looks, ſo motionleſs her Eyes,
As when they gave thee leave at firſt to gaze
Upon the Charms of her unguarded face;
When the two beauteous Siſters lowly knelt,
And ſu'd to thoſe, who more than Pity felt,
To chear her, now, *Statira* vainly proves,
And at thy Name alone, ſhe ſighs, and moves.

But why, theſe ſingle Griefs ſhou'd I expoſe?
The World no Mirth, no War, no Buſ'neſs knows,
But huſh'd, with ſorrow ſtands, to favour thy repoſe.

Even I, my boaſted Title now reſign,
Not *Ammon*'s Son, nor born of Race divine;
But mortal all, oppreſs'd with reſtleſs Fears,
Wild with my Cares, and womaniſh in Tears.

Though Tears before I for old *Clytus* ſhed,
And wept more drops than the old Hero bled;
Ev'n now, methinks, I ſee him on the ground,
Now my dire Arms the wretched Corps ſurround,
Now the fled Soul I woo, now rave upon the wound.
Yet he, for whom this mighty Grief did ſpring,
Not *Alexander* valu'd, but the King.
Then think, how much that Paſſion muſt tranſcend,
Which not a Subject raiſes, but a Friend;
An equal partner in the vanquiſh'd Earth,
A Brother, not impos'd upon my birth,
Too weak a tye unequal thoughts to bind,
But by the gen'rous motions of the mind.
My love to Thee, for Empire, was the Teſt;
Since Him, who from Mankind cou'd chuſe the beſt,
The Gods thought only fit, for Monarch o're the reſt.

Live

Live then, my Friend, but if that muſt not be,
Nor Fate will with my boundleſs mind agree,
Affording at one time the World and Thee,
To the moſt Worthy I'll that ſway reſign,
And in *Eliſium* keep *Hephæſtion* mine.

To Death.

By the ſame Hand.

OH! King of Terrors, whoſe unbounded ſway
All that have Life muſt certainly obey;
The King, the Prieſt, the Prophet, all are thine;
Nor wou'd ev'n God (in fleſh) thy ſtroke decline;
My Name is on thy Roll, and ſure I muſt
Encreaſe thy gloomy Kingdom, in the duſt.
My Soul at this no apprehenſion feels,
But trembles at thy Swords, thy Racks, thy Wheels,

Thy scorching Fevers, which distract the sence,
And snatch us raving unprepar'd from hence;
At thy contageous Darts, that wound the heads
Of weeping Friends, who wait at dying Beds.
Spare these, and let my Time be when it will,
My bus'ness is to Dye, and thine to kill.
Gently thy fatal Scepter on me lay,
And take to thy cold arms insensibly thy Prey.

A Song on the King's Birth-day.

By Sir *Charles Sidley.*

BEhold the happy Day again,
Distinguish'd by the joy in ev'ry face;
This day great *William*'s Life began,
Soul of our War, and Guardian of our Peace.
Of three afflicted Realms the Choice,
When on the furious waves of Faction tost,

They

They all cry'd out, as with one voice,
Save us, Heroick Prince, or we are loſt.

So in the general Deluge met
Beaſts of all kinds, whom Nature had made foes,
They did their mutual hate forget,
And the bleſt Ark for ſacred Refuge choſe.
Part of thy time, and of thy care,
Thy Native Country claims, and cannot want,
But we one moment cannot ſpare
(Tho it be due) without a kind complaint.
The Sun, who flies around the Earth,
Painting the face of Nature where he ſhines,
Giving to Flowers and Fruit new birth,
Ripening for us rich Spice, and nobleſt Wines.
Permits we ſhou'd his abſence mourn,
Tho for our good (like Thee) abroad employ'd;

And

And that we welcome his return,
As if too long by distant Climes enjoy'd.

Hail glorious King, fill all the mouths of Fame,
Virtue like thine will secret Envy tame,
And may thy Life be lasting as thy Name.

A Translation from *Horace*, Ode VIII. l. II.

By Sir *Charles Sidley.*

DId any Punishment attend
Thy former Perjuries,
I shou'd a second time believe
Thy Charming Flatteries;
Did but one Wrinkle mark thy face,
Or hadst thou lost one single Grace.

No

No ſooner haſt thou with falſe Vows
Provok'd the Pow'rs above,
But thou art fairer than before,
And we are more in Love.
Thus Heav'n and Earth ſeem to declare
They pardon Falſhood in the Fair.

Sure 'tis not a Crime to ſwear
By ev'ry pow'r on high,
And call our bury'd Mother's Ghoſt
A Witneſs to a Lye.
Heav'n at ſuch Treachery connives,
And *Venus* with a ſmile forgives.

The decent Nymphs, and cruel God,
That ſharpens ſtill his burning Dart
On Hones beſmear'd with Blood,
Yet ſpares thy perjur'd Heart:

Freſh

Fresh youth grew up to wear thy Chains,
And the old Slave no Freedom gains.

Thee, Mothers for their darling Sons,
Thee, wretched Misers fear,
Lest thy prevailing Beauty shou'd
Seduce the hopeful Heir.
New marry'd Virgins, fear thy Charms
Shou'd keep their Bridegrooms from their Arms

The same. By Mr *A*---

Did we but once, *Barine*, see
The least disgrace on Perjury:
Were you but lessen'd any how,
We might avenging Pow'rs allow;
But you are brightest when forsworn;
Fresh Glories do your Eyes adorn.

Thro

Thro Falſhood you break out, the Boaſt
Of Beauty, and the Neweſt Toaſt.
What tho you ſummon all on high,
Divinity and Stars, to juſtifie:
Nay, add to theſe your Mothers Urn;
All does to your Advantage turn:
Delighted *Venus* does forgive,
The Boy unwounded lets thee live;
Nor wou'd revenge it if he cou'd,
Tho all his Darts are ſet with Blood.
The gay and young are born for you,
To you for Servitude they ſue.
Long kindled Flames more fiercely burn,
And I, the moſt ill us'd, return.
Parents and careful Guardians fear
Such Charms ſhou'd ſpoil the hopeful Heir.
Your Preſence damps the fearful Brides delight,
And makes her jealous on the Wedding night.

SONG.

SONG.

By the Earl of *D*----

Dorinda's ſparkling Wit, and Eyes,
Uniting caſt too fierce a Light,
Which blazes high, but quickly dyes,
Pains not the Heart, but hurts the Eyes.

Love is a calmer gentle Joy,
Smooth are his looks, and ſoft his pace,
Her *Cupid* is a Black-Guard Boy,
That runs his Link full in your face.

By the ſame.

Sylvia, methinks you are unfit
For your great Lord's Embrace;
For tho we all allow you Wit,
We can't a handſome Face.

Then

Then where's the Pleaſure, where's the Good,
Of ſpending Time and Coſt;
For if your Wit ben't underſtood,
Your Keeper's bliſs is loſt.

Song. By Mr *Wolſly.*

I.

NO more will I my Paſſion hide,
Tho too preſuming it appear,
When long deſpair a heart has try'd,
What other Torment can I fear?
Unlov'd of her I wou'd not live,
Nor dye till ſhe the Sentence give.

II.

Why ſhou'd the fair offended be,
If Vertue charm in Beauty's dreſs?

If

If where ſo much divine I ſee
My open Vows the Saint confeſs?
Amaz'd by Wonders in her Eyes,
My former Idols I deſpiſe.

SONG.

I.

THo Fortune and Love are Deities ſtill
To thoſe they oblige by their Pow'r;
For my part they ever have us'd me ſo ill,
They can never expect I'll adore.
Hereafter a Temple to Friendſhip I'll raiſe,
And dedicate there all the reſt of my days.

II.

Thou perfect'ſt Image of all things divine,
Bright centre of lawful deſires,

May

May the Glory be yours, and the Services mine,
When I light on your Altar the fires.
I offer a heart has devotion ſo pure,
It would for your ſervice all torments endure.

III.

But I, that the Goddeſs of Fools ſo deſpiſe,
Now find I'm too much in her pow'r.
She makes me go where 'tis in vain to be wiſe,
In abſence from her I adore,
If love too undoes me before I get back.

SONG.

By Mrs *Wharton.*

SPight of thy Godhead, pow'rful Love,
I will my torments hide;
For what avails, if Life muſt prove
A Sacrifice to Pride.

Pride, thou'rt become my Goddess now,
To thee I'll Altars rear;
To thee each morn I pay my Vow,
And offer every Tear.
But oh! shou'd *Philomel*
Once take your injur'd part,
I soon shou'd cast that Idol down,
And offer him my heart.

Epigram.

TOo conscious of her worth, a noble Maid
Balk'd many a Lover, and her time outstaid;
While yet a *Peer*, less doubting than the rest,
Defy'd her coldness, and attackt her Breast.
A Spaniel Whelp, and Spaniel Lord declare
Their vows to serve, and hopes to please the fair:
The Cautious Nymph still fearing a Trepan,
Their Fortune, Wit and Worth did nicely scan,
Then

Then, as the Reaſon of the Caſe is clear,
Embrac'd the Puppy, and diſmiſs'd the Peer.

A Pindarick Ode.

In Honour of *Almahide* and the Muſes.

By *Henry St John*, Eſq;.

I.

I Long have wander'd from the M[illegible];
Where ever preſent to the Poets eyes
A thouſand grateful objects riſe,
Where all is gay, and all is ſweet.
Where when paſt Images we find,
By memory with theſe combin'd,
She from her ſtore of fading ſence can move,
And frame no fancy but of joy and love.

Where ev'ry Muſe and ev'ry Grace reſides;
The Sacred Temple where *Apollo* hides,
From the prophane, and vulgar eyes,
His awful myſteries.
This blooming Garden of the *Delian* God
Long ſince I left, new paths to try;
On rough uneven ground I trod,
And ſought the gloomy dark abode
Of Wiſdom and Philoſophy.

II.

From hence eſcap'd, with joy to thee I come,
Thee I re-viſit now, my native home.
That magick Land no more I'll tread,
Nor drink of thoſe Lethargick ſtreams,
That with their poyſon taint the blood,
And ſtop the ſprightly purple flood;
That upward to the ſickly head
Send lazy vapours, idle dreams.

Again

Again I'll taste of the Prophetick Rill,
Which rises fast by the *Pierian* Hill.
Phœbus all other Nymphs forsook,
To chase *Castalia*, young and fair,
To bathe in her delightful waves,
All other waters now he leaves.
He loosens here his Golden hair,
And plunges in the lucid Brook,
Once the coy Maid refus'd the grace,
And wou'd not suffer his divine embrace.
Now wiser grown, no more she'll fly,
But clasps the God, and hugs the naked Deity.

III.

As Mariners their Canvas wings distend,
Leaving the Pole, to ev'ry Northern blast;
Southward their courses bend,
And th' Artic Circle past,

The temperate Zone with pleasure meet;
With pleasure feel the growing heat,
And as they nearer to him run,
Salute the long abandon'd Sun.
Thus from the frozen Sky's,
Where once benumm'd she lay,
My Muse to milder Regions flys,
And to *Parnassus* wings her way.

IV.

Methinks already in my heart
I feel a secret warmth arise,
Which thence diffus'd to ev'ry vital part,
Glows in my face, and sparkles in my eyes.
I see the summit of the Hill,
With spires of glory crown'd;
And nearer now I see the mound,
Such was *Apollo*'s will,

Rais'd

Rais'd by the Muſes, to keep off the crowd
Of thronging Poets, inſolent and loud.
Wretches, whom tho he deigns not to inſpire,
Wou'd yet be plac'd among the Golden Choir.

V.

Here *Garth* appears, to whom conſign'd
The double charge of Health and Wit we find.
Apollo, griev'd to ſee his Arts diſgrac'd,
Phyſick and Poetry at once debas'd;
Their ſacred ends, for publick good deſign'd,
Perverted to deſtroy, and plague mankind,
To *Garth* the double charge imparts,
Of living Verſe, and healing Arts.
Him when the God reſolv'd to ſend,
He bid *Hygeia* on his ſteps attend.
Bid ev'ry Muſe and ev'ry Grace prepare
To warm the Bard with all their Fires,

To joyn his Song with all their Lyres,
And make his matchleſs Poem all their care.

VII.

But now arriv'd, I mount the Sacred Hill,
And joy and rapture all my ſenſes fill.
My melancholy thoughts retire apace,
And fly like Dæmons from the place.
I feel, I feel the God return,
He takes poſſeſſion of my breaſt,
And I with all his fury burn.
Again I feel the pleaſing ſmart;
Love fills his ancient Throne, my Heart;
A charming Tyrant, and a welcome Gueſt.

VII.

I know you well, you ſilent Groves,
Conſcious of many ſecret Loves;
Tell me how often have I found,

Be-

Beneath your gentle ſhade,
In penſive act upon the ground,
The mourning *Strephon* laid.
Strephon, the glory of our *Britiſh* Plains,
The wiſh of all the Nymphs, and envy of the Swains.
How often have I heard his charming voice
Thro all the neighb'ring hills reſound,
While greedy Ecchoes catch the ſound,
And to repeat the heav'nly notes rejoice,
With *Myra* he begins his layes,
And ends 'em all in *Myra*'s praiſe;
Nothing but *Myra* dwells upon his tongue,
Charm of his heart, and ſubject of his Song.
Her Beauty and her Verſe alike ſucceed,
Nor can oblivion fear;
For after ages ſhall with rapture read,
What we with rapture hear.

The

The pow'rful Lute on which the *Thracian* play'd,
Was by the Muſes to the Skys convey'd;
One more bright Star ſhall in that field appear,
And *Granville*'s Pen adorn the glitt'ring Sphere.

VIII.

But ſoft, I hear
The ſounding Lyre;
And ſee the God is near,
And all the Tuneful Choir.
I've reach'd the towring height,
'Tis here the Muſes ſtay;
From hence I'll take my flight,
And wing my aiery way.
Aloft my Muſe and I will go,
She ſcorns to aim at little things,
At Heroes or at Kings,
She cannot ſtoop ſo low.
To *Almahide* addreſs thy Song,
It does of right to her belong.

Soar

ſoar like the *Theban* Swan on high,
Nor be afraid to venture nigh
The flaming Region of the Sky.

IX.

Go on, my Muſe, go on;
Boldly approach the Sun;
And from his Chariot-wheel
Attempt to ſteal
The ſacred fire
That does the Gods inſpire.
Then mayſt thou in immortal lays
A more than mortal Beauty praiſe.
Or ſhou'd thy melting pinions fail,
And I precipitate deſcend;
Shou'd my unlucky Stars prevail,
And give my days this fatal end;
Yet in the monuments of Fame
I ſhall ſecure a laſting name;

And to have dar'd a thing ſo great,
Will place me far above the pow'r of fate.
Then when I draw my lateſt breath,
Shou'd *Almahide* vouchſafe to ſmile,
That wou'd compenſate for my death,
And more than pay me for my toil.

X.

Stay, fooliſh Muſe, thy hurry ſtay,
Where will thy madneſs run?
To *Almahide* direct thy way,
And ſeek no other Sun.
'Tis ſhe ſupplies,
With brighter eyes,
The diſtance of the God of day.
When they are ſhut in *Britain* then 'tis night,
And we eternal darkneſs fear,
But when the radiant Balls appear,
We feel their warmth, and bleſs the riſing light.

Thus

Thus ſhall my Theam my Song inſpire,
And heat my Breaſt with double fire;
And thus my humble Genius raiſe,
High as the Beauty that I praiſe.
Thus be my want of ſtrength ſupply'd,
Thus may ſhe grant what Nature has deny'd,
I ask no Inſpiration but from *Almahide*.

XI.

In the worlds early days,
When firſt Religion did appear;
Religion, which has coſt mankind ſo dear;
When men began to raiſe
Gods to themſelves, and then thoſe Gods to fear
Choſe various Lords, and tir'd of being free,
Of ev'ry Virtue fram'd a Deity:
Had *Almahide* been known,
Had ſhe been born to ſhine,
They had ador'd no other Shrine;

And

And ſhe had rul'd the Globe alone.
All theſe perfections are in her combin'd,
The form of *Venus*, and *Diana*'s mind.
Her rays a luſtre like the Sun's diſpence,
And ſhed on all a bounteous influence.
A cruel glance from thoſe fair eyes,
A word by her in anger ſpoke,
Gives more alarms
Than *Jove* in arms,
And ſwifter than his Ligütning flies,
And ſurer than his ſtroke.
Only below ſhe cou'd not dwell,
Or Hell wou'd be no longer Hell.
At her approach the realms of woe
Wou'd change their horrid face;
The Burning Flood forget to flow,
And Furies fly the place.

XII. And

XII.

And ſee! the lovely form appear
Before my raviſh'd eyes!
Cloſe to yon Cryſtal Stream the Charmer lyes.
Behold her, Swains, behold her there;
Impending branches ſhield the fair,
And beds of Camomile the beauteous burden bear.
See how reclining on the graſs,
In this clear Brook, her faithful Glaſs,
Firſt ſhe collects her ſcatter'd hair,
Then in the treſſes,
As ſhe dreſſes,
Places ev'ry Flower that's gay,
Places all the pride of *May*,
Not to adorn, but to compare.
In vain with hers their brighteſt colours vie,
The bluſhing Roſe
Its weakneſs knows,

And

And vanquiſh'd Lillies own her Victory.
Nor raiſes ſhe her head, but downward bent,
Approves her form, and ſmiling ſeems content.
Obſerve the troops of Loves
That ſwarm about the Groves,
Lean on their Wings, and hanging in the Air,
Miſtake the Nymph, and think their Mother there.

XIII.

Gently, ſweet *Zephyr*, gently blow,
And make th' injurious Mantle riſe,
And wound our hearts, and pleaſe our eyes.
Unveil the Nymph, dear Wind, remove
Thoſe clouds that hide this world of Love.
And ſee the friendly Breeze obeys,
Saluting he betrays.
Oh give her Slave to know
That Sea of Milk, thoſe Hills of Snow,
And all the bliſsful Vales of Joy below.

He

He wou'd, but can no more diſcloſe,
Reſiſting Robes oppoſe:
The thouſand folds of that invidious veſt
Inſhrine their treaſure, and our ſight arreſt.
Corporeal Eyes no farther reach;
But Fancy is not thus confin'd;
Fancy can enter through the ſmalleſt breach,
And thro the ſubtle plaits a paſſage find.
Thus having pierc'd the Skreen,
Fancy relates what ſhe has ſeen,
And tires the Foul while ſhe inſtructs the Mind.

XIV.

Thus we, fond Wretches, court our Fate,
And what the pointed darts,
Increaſe the pains we might abate,
And plunge 'em in our hearts.
In vain we hope to find a cure,

No remedy is nigh;
Without relief we muſt endure,
And without pity dye.
Fair *Almahide* gives love to all,
All that dare look her Victims fall;
But ſhe herſelf receives from none,
Or, what's the ſame to me, from one;
One happy man, that dwells within thoſe arms,
Taſtes all her joys, and rifles all her charms.
While dying crowds of Lovers ſtand,
And look, and gaze, and wiſh to ſhare;
But Virtue with her magick Wand,
Encircles round the happy pair.
Thus when the Moon on *Larian* Latmas lay,
And wrapt in pleaſure laught her hours away,
Her Beauty and her Light to all mankind
Without diſtinction ſhin'd;
But to *Endymion* was her love confin'd.

The

The last thought and the last line are taken from a Paper of Verses of Mr Granville's. *For I think my self oblig'd to own the Debt, tho I am unable to pay it.*

To Mrs *Wharton.*

On a Copy of Verses she did me the honour to write in praise of the Preface to *Valentinian.*

By Mr *Wolsey.*

WHile soaring high, above *Orinda*'s heights,
Equal to *Sappho*, fam'd *Urania* writes;
And fearless of an Host of bias'd Men,
In my defence draws her all-conquering Pen;
While forcing every Caviller to submit,
Her approbation stamps my question'd Wit:
And a new way, by all the Nine inspir'd,
Commending mine, she makes her own admir'd:

While that kind Balm's restoring Vertue cures
The Critick's Bite, and lasting life assures.
Delights extreme rewarding all my pain,
Spirits my Genius, and improves my Vein;
A useful Pride the unhop'd Honour brings,
Like that which from a sence of Virtue springs;
What through her Sex's finer Moulds she pours
Thoughts of the substance & the strength of ours,
And in her Draughts, grac'd with a sweeter Air,
The Poet borrows softness from the Fair;
While with a Wit that does the Age surprize,
Just as her Heart, and powerful as her Eyes.
My Panegyrick's fame she does intend,
Her easier Turn instructs me how to mend.
Her still fresh Thoughts enriching every Theme
Flow equal, like a smooth untroubled stream,
Whose chearful Current, without Tydes is strong,
And thro green Meadows purling glides along.

How

How rare is Praiſe in fitting words expreſt,
With Judgment heighten'd, and with Skill addreſt,
Thoſe who deſerve it moſt, can give it beſt.
How flat and taſteleſs is a Fool's Applauſe,
Whoſe want of knowledge does his wonder cauſe;
More fulſome is the fawning of a Knave,
Whoſe narrow mind his little Ends enſlave.
Whoſe Pen for ever Fear and Intereſt guide;
Whom each his ſtage, with like contemning pride,
All wealthy Fops, and proſperous Villains ride:
Who can to none but Fortune faithful be,
Falſe to Deſert, and proſtitute as ſhe.
But juſt *Urania*, Truth and Virtue's friend,
Quick to diſcern, and ſparing to commend;
Whom inborn Worth above mean Aims does raiſe,
Can no more give, than need ſuch Hackney Bays.

Her Mind to Earth, Wit's rightful Soveraign came,
By Heaven entrusted to distribute Fame.
What Stoick Soul has temper to refuse
Th' uncommon Favours of so chaste a Muse?
While her soft strain, in which no Toyl appears,
With divine Musick bribes our ravish'd ears;
And her Wit varying a thousand ways,
With that strong Philter baits her powerful Praise.
Her flowing Lines such skilful Measures bound,
The sense is not more charming than the sound.
So does her Verse, in words well plac'd and chose
Her rich invention's beauteous store disclose;
As calm *Favonius* with his gentle Wing,
Opens the Flowers, and spreads the sweets of Spring;
When stopt by Trees chance into Arbors weaves,
His murmuring voice some Lovers care deceives,
And breathing Roses whistles thro the Leaves.

When

When thus like Hers, which no rich Knave (can share,
Praise comes both from the knowing and sincere,
Just is the pride, as the delight is rare.
Like Hope it flatters, like Ambition warms,
And like a Lovers happy Moment charms,
When first to ease the long unpity'd Swain,
His cruel Fair confesses equal pain;
When first he sees within her kindling Eyes
A guilty care, and bashful sweetness rise.
Oft when perplex'd with timorous Doubt's unrest
I read her Praise, in which my Muse is drest,
With all the grace and all the power of Poetry (express,
Raptures so strong my happier thoughts employ
Again Perception, and oppress with Joy:
The rich Ragout, Wit's too profuse Expence,
A flavour gives, that conquers humane sence;

A taſte too high for weak man to digeſt;
Ambroſia 'tis, on which Immortals feaſt;
The fruit of Life's fair Tree, to Martyrs given,
When fin'd from Fleſh, and purg'd of Earth's dull Leaven,
Their Frames can bear the Luxury of Heaven.

Ceaſe *England*, thy late loſs ſo high to rate,
Here learn thy mighty ſorrow to abate;
By her inſtructive gentle Song half reconcil'd to Fate.

Your tender moan, ye tuneful Nine, give o're,
Lament your darling **Bion*'s death no more, *Earl of Rochef.*
In her lov'd Layes his better Part ſurvives,
He dyes not all, while ſoft *Urania* lives.
Her Heav'n has warm'd with the ſame pleaſing Fires,
In her like noble Blood like noble Thoughts inſpires.

His perishing Goods to others let him leave,
To her his deathleſs Pen he did bequeath;

And

And if my humble Muse, whose luckless strain
Was us'd alone of Beauty to complain,
And sing in melancholy Notes Love's unre-
(garded Pain,
Rais'd by that Theam above her usual height,
Cou'd clear his Fame, or do his Virtue right;
How well does she the trifling Debt acquit;
She whose resembling Genius shows her fit
To be his sole Executrix in Wit.

To an Eminent Painter.

SInce not your loss of Trade, nor work in *France*,
Has help'd your hand, or cur'd your ignorance
I'll try how much a Friend's advice may do;
Here's a rough Draught I copy'd after you;
More like, I fear, than ever yet you drew.
Most vainly you usurp a Painter's name,
Fading your Colours are, but dead your Fame:
Flat,

Flat, dull and old your painted Beauties prove,
Many more fit for Signs than an Alcove.
Aiming at some resemblance in the Face,
You ne're consult the beauty, mien and grace:
But if large featur'd, or too fat or lean,
There you exceed, to make the likeness seen;
By th' imperfections we the person know,
And for a Picture you a Libel show.
Finish'd the Face, the rest you never ape,
But Mrs *E*— shall have *Richmond* shape;
Then, while we sit the stool of penance sit,
You teaze us with prepostrous stuff for Wit;
'Tis grown a question, as you Talk and Paint,
Whether your Tongue or Hand is more impertinent.
Justly provok'd by that vile wrong you've done,
The matchless *Iris*, I must still go on,
And, like you, finish worse what's ill begun.

Think

Think you to imitate, rash Ignorance,
What skilful Nature made not, but by chance;
Her Beauties are above a mortal's art,
Love only can design her in a Lovers heart.

And yet 'tis very like, a Lady cry'd,
I knew whose 'twas, soon as the Piece I spy'd.
Say Envy, if a Face you see with Beams,
Know you not 'tis a Sun the Painter means;
Tho it no more resemble that bright Star,
Than that does you, or you resemble her.
So like the Sun, such Glories she displays,
There needs no more to know her, but her Rays.
Tho all her Features have peculiar grace,
We see her smallest Beauties in her Face;
Let me describe her Judgment, Humour, Wit,
These are the Features I will strive to hit.

But.

But here I muſt my bold deſign give o're;
Painter, till both do better, let us draw no more.

The Fear of Death.

By Sir *R. Howard.*

SInce all muſt certainly to Death reſign,
Why ſhou'd we make it dreadful, or repine?
How vain is Fear, when nothing can prevent
The loſs, which he that loſes can't lament:
The fear of Death is by our folly brought,
We fly th' acquaintance of it in a thought.
From Something into Nothing is a change
Grown terrible by making it ſo ſtrange.
We always ſhould remember Death is ſure;
What grows familiar moſt, we beſt endure:
For Life and Death ſucceeds like night and day,
And neither gives increaſe, or brings decay.

No

No more or leſs by what takes birth or dyes,
And the ſame Man the ſeeming want ſupplies:
From Death we roſe to Life, 'tis but the ſame,
Through life again to paſs from whence we came.

With ſhame we ſee our paſſions can prevail,
Where Reaſon, Certainty and Virtue fail.
Honour! that empty name can death deſpiſe
Scorn'd Love! to Death as to a refuge flyes,
And Sorrow waits for Death with longing eyes
Hope! triumphs o're the thought of Death and Fate;
Cheats Fools, and flatters the unfortunate.

Perhaps deceiv'd by luſt-ſupplying wealth,
New enjoy'd pleaſures, and a preſent health;
We fear to loſe what a ſmall time muſt waſte,
Till Life it ſelf grows the diſeaſe at laſt.

Beg-

Begging for life, we beg for more decay;
And to be long a dying only pray.

No just or temp'rate thought can tell us why
We shou'd fear Death, or grieve for them that dye.
The time we leave behind, is ours no more,
Nor our Concern, than time that was before.
'Twere a fond sight, if those that stay behind,
For the same passage waiting for a wind
To drive 'em to their Port, shou'd on the shore
Lamenting stand, for those that went before.

We all must pass thro Deaths dread Sea and night,
To reach the Haven of Eternal Light.

Upon

Upon an ungrateful and undeserving Mistress, whom he could not help loving.

Or the Second Part of *Phillis.*

Being a Paraphrastical Translation of *Ovid's* tenth Elegy. *Lib.* 3. *Amorum.*

Done by Mr *Wolseley.*

Have too long endur'd her guilty Scorn,
Too long her falsenes my fond Love has born;
My freedom and my wits at length I claim;
Be gone, base Passion! dye unworthy Flame!
My Life's sole torment, and my Honours stain!
Quit this tir'd Heart, and end my lingring pain.
I have resolv'd, I'll be my self once more,
Long banish'd Reason to her Rights restore,
And throw off Love's Tyrannick sway, that
(still encroaching Pow'r.

My

My growing Shame I see at last, tho late,
And my past follies both despise and hate.
Hold out my Heart! nor let her Beauties move!
Be constant in thy Anger, as thy Love!
Thy present pains will give thee future ease;
As bitter Potions cure, tho they displease.
'Tis for this end, for freedom more assur'd,
I have so long such shameful Chains endur'd;
Like a scorn'd Slave before her door I lay,
And proud Repulses suffer'd every day;
Without complaining banish'd from her sight,
On the cold ground I spent the tedious night;
While some glad Rival in her Arms did lye,
Glutted with Love, and surfeited with Joy.
Thence have I seen the tir'd Adulterer come,
Dragging a weak Exhausted Carcass home;
And yet this Curse a Blessing I esteem,
Compar'd with that of being seen by him!

By

By him deſcry'd attending in the ſtreet;
May my Foes only ſuch diſgraces meet:

What toyl and time has this falſe Woman coſt
How much of unreturning Youth has for her (ſake been loſt?
How long did I, where Fancy led, or Fate,
Unthank'd, unminded, on her Rambles wait?
Her ſteps, her looks were ſtill by mine purſu'd,
And watch'd by me ſhe charm'd the gazing (Crowd;
My diligent Love, and over-fond Deſire,
Has been the means to kindle others Fire,
What need I mention every little Wrong?
Or curſe the ſoftneſs of her ſoothing Tongue?
The private Love-ſigns, that in publick paſs
Between her and ſome common ſtaring Aſs?
The Coquette Arts her faithleſs Heart allows?
Or tax her with a thouſand broken Vows.

I hear she's sick, and with wild haste I run,
Officious haste! and Visit importune!
Entring, my Rival on her Bed I see;
The politick Sickness only was to me.
With this and more oft has my love been try'd;
Some other Coxcomb let her now provide,
To bear her jilting, and maintain her pride:
My batterr'd Bark has reach'd the Port at last,
Nor fears again the Billows it has past.
Cease your soft Oaths, and that still ready Showr,
Those once dear words have lost their Charming pow'r:

In vain you flatter, I am now no more
That easie Fool you found me heretofore.

Anger and Love a doubtful Fight maintain,
Each strives by turns my staggering heart to gain;
But what can long against Love's force contend,
My Love I fear will conquer in the end.

I'll

I'll do whate're I can to hate you ſtill;
And if I love, know 'tis againſt my will.
So the Bull hates the Plow-mans Yoke to wear;
Yet what he hates, his ſtubborn neck muſt bear.

Her Manners oft my Indignation raiſe,
But ſtrait her Beauty the ſhort Storm allays.
Her Life I loath, her Perſon I adore;
Much I condemn her——but I love her more.
Both with her and without her I'm in pain,
And rage to loſe what I ſhou'd bluſh to gain.
Uncertain yet at what my Wiſhes aim,
Loth to abandon Love, or part with Fame.
That Angel form ill ſuits a Soul all Sin;
Ah be leſs fair without, or more within!
When thoſe ſoft Smiles my yielding Pow'rs invade,
In vain I call her vices to my Aid;

Tho now diſdaining the diſguiſe of Art,
In my Eſteem her Conduct claims no part,
Her Face a natural Right has to my Heart.
No Crimes ſo black are, to deform her Eyes,
Thoſe Clouds muſt ſcatter, when theſe Suns ſhall (riſe.
Enough, fair Conqueror, the day's your own,
See at your Feet Love's vanquiſh'd Rebel thrown.
By thoſe dear joys (joys dear tho they are paſt!)
When in the kindeſt links of Love we held each (other faſt;
By th' Injur'd Gods your falſe Oaths did profane;
By all thoſe Beauties that ſupport and feed your (proud diſdain.
By thee, lov'd Face, from the whole Sex elect
To which I all my Vows and Pray'rs direct,
And equal with a Power divine reſpect:
By every Feature of a Turn ſo fine,
And by thoſe Eyes that charm and dazle mine;

Spare

Spare from new Triumphs, cheriſh without art
This over-faithful, this too tender Heart;
A Heart that was reſpectful when it ſtrove,
But yielding, is all blind impetuous Love.
Live as you pleaſe, torment me as you will,
Still you are fair, and I muſt love you ſtill;
Think only, if with juſt and clement Reign
A willing Subject you wou'd chooſe to gain,
Or drag a conquer'd Vaſſal in a Chain.
But to whatever Conduct you incline,
Do, ſuffer, be, what my worſt Fears divine;
You are—you ought—you muſt—you ſhall be (mine.

Reaſon! for ever the vain Strife give o're!
Thy cruel Wiſdom I can bear no more;
Let me indulge this one ſoft Paſſion's Rule,
Curb vexing Senſe, and be a happy Fool;
With full ſpread Sails the tempting Gale obey,
That down Love's Current drives me faſt away.

Cleon to *Dorindas.*

SInce ſoon this hated World and I muſt part,
For with your Vows you broke poor *Cleon's* heart;
Dorinda, e're a Sacrifice I fall
To your new Lover, know I pardon all.
Tho you are meanly falſe, I will till death
Love you, and bleſs you with my lateſt breath.
I'll pray the happy youth, you choſe may prove
As kind as I, as conſtant in his love.
My ſoul ſhall ſtay, and be (when I am gone)
Your better Genius, ſure as yet you've none,
For that wou'd take a faithful Lover's part,
And from falſe changing Dæmons guard your heart;
No ſhape, nor ſound your quiet ſhall offend,
Unſeen in ſilence I'll your ſteps attend:

Un-

Unleſs your Choice (as ſoon I fear he will)
Should give you cauſe to think on *Cleon* ſtill:
Then, if you chance to name me with a tear,
I may forget, and gently anſwer——here.

How well I lov'd, my ſudden Fate will ſhow,
But how ill you the injur'd Gods beſt know;
Who oft as Witneſſes you did invoke,
And as Avengers of your Vows when broke.
Yet ſpare her Heav'n! Oh may ſhe happy live!
Now let a mortal teach you to forgive.
In framing you, the laviſh Pow'rs have joyn'd
A Charming Perſon and a Wit refin'd.

That Glorious Planet (in his vaſt career)
Ne'r ſaw an object half ſo bright and fair,
Not in the Sea, tho he's reflected there.

Nature in you her Maſter-piece deſign'd,
But weary grew e're ſhe cou'd form your mind.
Like one of building fond, who matches ill
A bounded fortune with a boundleſs will,
Waſtes all his ſtore to make the outſide fine,
And the chief Rooms unfiniſh'd leaves within.

Thus in your outward form, your face, your (mien,
Something ſo heav'nly in your Form is ſeen,
I ſhould believe you of immortal kind,
Did I not in your heart the woman find.
Of airy Lovers had you not a croud,
Who of their parts and paſſion talk'd aloud,
That only I (of all your Slaves) muſt prove
The cred'lous Victim to your cruel Love.
I, who at diſtance did with wonder ſee,
But ſcarce durſt wiſh your Charms beſtow'd on me,

Who

Who durſt not by a ſigh my love reveal,
And trembled, when a look I chanc'd to ſteal.
Yet you,
Pleas'd with the humble language of my eyes,
Encourag'd mine, and did their flame deſpiſe.
At firſt with tender words I was deceiv'd;
(That face wou'd make the groſſeſt lye believ'd)
Ennobled by my hopes, I bolder grew,
Swore firſt, then made you ſwear you wou'd (be true;
And oft we did our mutual vows renew.
'Twas then each day, as one ſhort moment was,
So ſwift with you the happy hours did paſs;
As if (to taſte their bliſs) the following day
Crouded the preſent time with haſte away:
Did you thus raiſe me to the top of all,
Only to cruſh me with a greater fall?

Scarce

Scarce had I time from my proud height to view
My Rivals, who ſo little ſeem'd below,
When you forſaking me, I headlong fell,
Another *Lucifer*, from Heav'n to Hell.
For ſure my torments are with his the ſame,
Darkneſs, Deſpair, and an Eternal Flame:
Only in this, I have a cure by death;
But then my paſſion ceaſes with my breath.
Falſe as you are, I doat upon my chain,
Nor wou'd I change my Love to eaſe my pain:

Why tax I you with Infidelity?
You only lov'd my ruin, never me.
Or if you did, your flame was like that light
Which idly wanders in a Summers night,
And leads the gazing Traveller aſtray,
Through thouſand miſchiefs, till reliev'd by day.

But

But I in vain for that relief attend,
I ſtill ſhall wander to my journeys end.

Soon, as too well, the fatal truth I knew,
To Friends and to the World I bid adieu;
The World! alas the World I loſt in you.
Shelter'd in night I left my tedious home,
To ſeek ſome Deſart where no Women come.
Chance brought me to a Grove, whoſe gloomy ſhade,
Seem'd for my diſmal thoughts on purpoſe made
Encompaſs'd round with craggy Hills, it lyes
Remote from Town or Path, hid from all eyes.
Each Oak two hundred Winters has defy'd,
Hoary with Moſs, and Age grown bald and dry'd,
Whoſe few pale Leaves, with Willow hew appear'
As they by their lov'd earth forſaken were.

Ill-

Ill-boding Owls and Ravens oft I hear ;
But no ſweet voice of harmleſs Birds is near,
Unleſs forſaken Turtles hither fly,
To mourn the abſence of their Mates and dye.
As one of theſe, prompted by juſt deſpair,
I (Echo like) ſhall ſigh my ſelf to air.
At my complaints, each rugged ſenceleſs Tree
Seems more concerned, than you I fear will be.
While I atteſt the Gods, my love, your vows,
The Winds their tall Heads ſhake, and murmers
(in the Bows.
And when betimes my grieving I renew,
The Leaves weep down their tears of morning
(Dew.
My Drink is from a Spring, wild Roots my Bread,
And a few whither'd Leaves is all my Bed,
I have no ſhelter, but a cold damp Cave
My Lodging now, and ſoon will be my Grave.

My

My laſt I write you from this mournful Cell,
Be ever as I wiſh—— farewell.

The Progreſs of Beauty.

By the Honourable *George Granville*, Eſq;

THe God of Day, deſcending from above,
Mixt with the Sea, and got the Queen of Love;
Beauty that Fires the World, 'twas fit ſhould riſe
From him alone, who lights the Stars and Skyes.
In *Cyprus* long, by Men and Gods obey'd,
The Lovers toil ſhe gratefully repaid,
Promiſcuous bleſſings, to her Slaves aſſign'd,
And taught the World, that Beauty ſhould be kind.
Learn by this Pattern, all ye fair, to charm,
Bright be your Beams, but, without ſcorching, Warm.
Hellen

Hellen was next. From *Greece* to *Phrygia* brought,
With much expense of Blood and Empire sought;
Beauty and Love, the noblest cause afford,
That can try Valour, or employ the Sword.
Not men alone incited by her Charms,
But Heaven's concern'd, and all the Gods take Arms.
The glorious *Trojan* happily possest,
Enjoys, and lets despairing Fools contest.
Secure, said he, of that for which they fight,
Their's be the toil, and Mine be the delight.

Your dull reflections Moralists forbear,
His Title's best, who best can please the fair.
Ten Years, a glorious space! he kept his hold,
Nor lost, till Beauty was decay'd and old,
And love by long possession, pall'd and cold.

And

And now, the Gods in pity to the cares,
The fiercede ſires, diviſions, and deſpairs,
Of tortur'd Men, whilſt Beauty was confin'd,
Reſolv'd to multiply the charming kind.
Greece was the land, where this bright race began,
And ſaw a thouſand Rivals to the Sun,
Hence follow'd Arts, each ſtudying with care
Some new production, to delight the fair.
To bright *Egeria*, *Socrates* retir'd,
His Wiſdom grew, but as his Love inſpir'd;
Thoſe Rocks and Oaks, that ſuch emotions felt,
Were cruel Maids, whom *Orpheus* taught to melt.
Muſick and Songs, and every way to move
The raviſht heart, were owing all to love.

The

The Gods entic'd by ſo divine a birth,
Deſcend from Heav'n, to this new Heav'n on Earth,
Thy wit, O, *Mercury*'s, no defence from Love,
Nor *Mars*, thy Armour, nor thy Thunder *Jove*.
The mad Immortals in a thouſand ſhapes,
Range the wide Globe; ſome yield, ſome ſuffer Rapes,
Invaded, or deceiv'd, not one eſcapes.
The Wife, tho a bright Goddeſs, thus gives place
To mortal Miſtreſſes, of freſh embrace,
By ſuch examples were we taught to ſee,
The life and ſoul of Love's variety.

In thoſe firſt times, e're charming Woman-kind,
Reform'd their Pleaſures, Poliſhing the mind,

Rude

Rude were their Revels, and obscene their Joys,
The Broils of Drunkards, and the Lust of Boys;
Phœbus laments for *Hyachynthus* dead,
And *Juno* jealous, storms at *Ganimede*.

Return, my Muse, and close that odious Scene,
Nor stain thy Verse, with Images unclean;
Of Beauty sing, its shining progress view,
From Clime to Clime, the dazling light pursue,
Tell how it spread, and how in Empire grew.

From *Greece* to *Africk* Beauty takes its flight,
And ripens with its near approach to Light.
Frown not, ye Fair, to hear of swarthy Dames,
With radiant Eyes, that take unerring Aims;
Beauty to no Complexion is confin'd;
Is of all Colours, and by none defin'd:
Jewels that shine, in Gold or Silver set,
As precious, and as sparkling are, in Jet.

Here *Cleopatra*, with a liberal heart,
Bounteous of Love, improv'd the joy with Art,
The first who gave recruited Slaves to know
That the rich Pearl was of more Use, than show;
Who, with high meats, or a luxurious draught,
Kept Love for ever flowing, and full fraught.
Julius and *Anthony*, those Lords of all,
Lo! at her feet they lay the conquer'd Ball;
Those dreadful Eagles, that had fac'd the Sun
From Pole to Pole, at length fall dazled down.
Her dying Truth, some generous tears would cost
But that her Fate inspir'd, * *The World well lost:*
With secret Pride the ravisht Muses view
The Image of that Death, which *Dryden* drew.

Pleas'd in this happy Climate, warm and bright,
Love for some Ages revels with delight;

* *All for Love, or the World well lost, written by Mr.* Dryden.

The

The martial *Moors*, in gallantry refin'd,
Invent new Arts, to make the fair look kind;
See! in the Lists, which golden barriers bound,
In warlike ranks, they wait the Trumpet's sound;
Some Love Device is wrought on every Sword,
And every Ribbon bears some mystick word;
As when we see the winged winds engage,
Mounted on Courſers, foaming flame and rage;
One Cloud repuls'd, new Combatants prepare
To meet as fierce, and make a thundring War.
So, at the Trumpet's call, advancing high
Their shining Spears, the Heroes seem to fly;
So meet, and so renew the dextrous fight,
Each fair beholder trembling for her Knight.
Still as one falls, another rushes in,
And all must be o'recome, or none can win.
The Victor, from the radiant Dame, whose Eyes
Aided his Conquering Arm, receives a Prize.

Thus flourish'd Love, and Beauty reign'd in state,
Till the proud *Spaniard* gave their glories date:
But tho' these matchless gallantries are past,
Yet the description shall for ever last:
Granada lost, has seen her Pomps restor'd,
And *Almahide* once more, by Kings ador'd.

Love driven thence, to colder *Britain* flyes,
And with bright Eyes the distant Sun supplies:
Romances, that relate the dreadful fights,
The loves, and prowess of advent'rous Knights,
To animate their rage, a kiss record
From *Britain*'s fairest Nymph, was the Reward.
Thus ancient, to Love's Empire, is the claim
Of *English* Beauty, and so wide the Fame,
Which like our Flag upon the Seas, gives Law
By right avow'd, and keeps the World in awe.

* *The Conquest of* Granada, *written by Mr* Dryden.
The Part of Almahide, *represented by Mrs* Ellen Gwyn.

Our

Our gallant Kings, of whom long Annals prove
The mighty deeds, stand as renown'd for Love.
A Monarch's right o're Beauty they may claim,
Lords of that Ocean, from whence Beauty came.
Thy *Rosamond*, Great *Henry*, on the Stage
By a late Muse, presented in our Age,
With aking hearts, and flowing eyes we view,
Whilst that dissembled death recalls the true;
In *Bracegirdle* the Persons so agree,
That all seems real, the Spectators see.

Of *Scots* and *Gauls* defeated, and their Kings
Thy Captives, *Edward*, Fame for ever sings;
Like thy high deeds, thy noble Loves are prais'd,
Who hast to Love the noblest Trophy rais'd?
Thy Statues, *Venus*, tho by *Phidias* hand
Design'd immortal, yet no longer stand;

The Magick of thy shining Zone is past,
But *Salisbury*'s Garter shall for ever last,
Which thro the world by living Monarchs worn,
Adds grace to Scepters, and does Crowns adorn.

If such their fame, who gave those Rites di-
(vine
To sacred Love; O what dishonour's thine,
Forgetful Queen, who sever'd that bright Head,
Which charm'd two mighty Monarchs to its Bed?
Hadst thou been born a Man, thou hadst not err'd;
Thy Fame had liv'd, and Beauty been preferr'd,
But ah! what mighty Magick can asswage
A Woman's Envy, and a Bigot's Rage?

Love tir'd at length, Love that delights to smile,
Flying from scenes of horror, quits our Isle:
With *Charles* the *Cupids* and the Graces gone,
In exile live, for Love and He were one.

With

With *Charles* he wanders, and for *Charles* he mourns:
But ah! how fierce the Joy when *Charles* returns
As eager flames, with opposition pent,
Break out impetuous, when they find a vent;
As a rough torrent, hinder'd in its race,
Forcing its way, rowls with redoubled pace,
From the loud Palace, to the silent Grove;
All by the Kings example, live and love.
The Muses with diviner voices sing,
And all rejoice, to please the Godlike King.
Then, *Waller* in immortal Verse proclaims
The shining Court, and all the glittering Dames,
Thy Beauty, * *Sydney*, like *Achilles* Sword
Resistless stands, upon as sure Record.
The foremost Hero, and the brightest Dame,
Both sung alike, shall have their fate the same:

* *The Lady* Dorothy Sidney, *celebrated under the name of* Sacharissa, *by Mr.* Waller.

And now, my Muse, a nobler Song prepare,
And sing it loud, that Heaven and Earth may hear;
Behold from *Italy*, a wandring ray
Of moving Light illuminates the day;
Northward she bends, majestically bright,
And here she fixes her Imperial Light.
Be bold, be bold, my Muse, nor fear to raise
Thy voice to her, who was thy earliest praise:
What, tho the sullen fates refuse to shine,
Or frown severe, on thy audacious line,
Keep thy bright theme within thy steady sight,
The Clouds shall fly before the dazling Light,
And everlasting day direct thy flight.
Thou who hast never yet put on disguise,
To flatter folly, or descend to vice;
Let not vain fears thy generous ardour tame,
But stand upright, and sound as loud as Fame.

As when our Eye some prospect would pursue,
Descending from a Hill, looks round to view;
Passes o're Lawns and Meadows, till it gains
Some beauteous spot, and fixing there, remains:
With the like rapture, my transported Muse
Flies other objects, this bright Theme to chuse.
Princess ador'd and lov'd, if Verse can give
A deathless name, thine shall for ever live;
Invok'd where-e're the *Brittish* Lyon roars,
Extended as the Seas, that gird our shoars.
O happy *James!* Content thy mighty mind,
Grudge not the World, for still thy Queen is kind;
Secure of Empire in that beauteous breast,
Who would not give their Crowns to be so blest?
To lye but at her feet, more glory brings,
Than 'tis to tread on Scepters and on Kings.

Was

Was *Hellen* half so fair, so form'd for joy,
Well chose the *Trojan*, and well burnt was *Troy*;
So charming! so divine! 'Twas just that she
Who was Love's Queen, should Queen of *Britain* (be.
But ah! what strange vicissitudes of fate,
What Chance attends on every worldly state!
As when the Skys were sackt, the driven Gods
Compell'd from Heaven, forsook their blest a- (bodes,
Wandring in Woods, they skulkt from Den to (Den,
Or, leading Flocks, turn'd hirelings to Men.
Or, as the stately Pine, erecting high
Her beauteous branches, shooting to the Sky,
If stricken by the Thunderbolt of *Jove*,
Down falls at once, the Pride of all the Grove;
Level with lowest Earth lyes the tall head,
That rear'd aloft, as to the Clouds was spread.

So

So ——————

But ceaſe, my Muſe, thy Colours are too faint;
Hide with a Veil, thoſe Griefs that none can paint:
The Sun's retir'd: But ſee! in bright array
What hoſts of heavenly Light recruit the Day?
Love in a ſhining Galaxy appears,
Triumphant ſtill, and *Grafton* leads the Stars.
Ten thouſand Loves, ten thouſand ſeveral ways
Invade the Lookers on, who dye to gaze,
Knowing their dooms, as to the Syrens voice,
So ſweet's the Enchantment, that their Fate's (their Choice.

Who moſt reſemble her, let next be nam'd;
Villers, for Wiſdom, as for Beauty fam'd;
Of a high race, that conquering Beauty brings,
To charm the World, and Subjects make of Kings.

Rich-

Richmond's a Title, that but nam'd implies
Majestick Graces, and Victorious Eyes;
As much, O happy *Brudenell!* art thou known
By thy bright Daughters Beauties, as thy own.

By *Essex*, and fair *Rutenbourg*, we find
That Beauty to no Climate is confin'd.
Rupert, of Royal Blood, with modest grace,
Blushes to hear, the triumphs of her face.

With what delight my Muse to *Sandwich* flyes,
Whose Wit is piercing, as her sparkling Eyes.

Ah how she mounts, and spreads her airy Wings,
And tunes her voice, when she of *Ormond* sings;
Of radiant *Ormond*, only fit to be
The successor of beauteous *Ossory*.

Hol-

Holmes, and *St Albans*, full of Charms appear.
Hyde, *Venus* is. The Graces are *Kildare*.

Careless, but yet secure of Conquest still,
Luson unaiming, never fails to kill;
Guiltless of pride, to captivate or shine,
Bright without Art, she wounds without design.

But *Wyndham*, like a Tyrant, throws the dart,
And takes a cruel pleasure in the smart;
Proud of the ravage that her Beauties make,
Delights in wounds, and kills for killing sake;
Asserting the Dominion of her Eyes,
As Heroes fight, for Glory, not for Prize.

The skilful Muses earliest care has been
The praise of never-fading *Mazarin*;

* The

* The Poet and the Theme, in ſpight of time,
For ever young, enjoy an endleſs prime.

With Charms ſo numerous, *Myra* does ſurprize,
The Lover knows not by which dart he dyes;
So thick the Volley, and the ſtroke ſo ſure,
No flight can ſave, no remedy can cure.

Yet dawning in her infancy of Light,
O ſee another *Brudenell*, heavenly bright!
Born to fulfill the glories of her Line,
And fix Love's Empire in that race divine.
Fain would my Muſe to *Stowel* bend her ſight,
But turns aſtoniſht from the dazling Light,
Nor dares attempt to climb the ſteepy flight.

O *Kneller!* like thy Pictures were my Song,
Clear like thy Paint, and like thy Pencil ſtrong,

* *Sr* Evremont.

Theſe

Theſe matchleſs Beauties ſhould recorded be
In Verſe immortal as thy* Gallery.

To my Lord *Lanſdowne.*

On the Bombarding the Town of *Granville* in *Normandy.*

THo built by Gods, conſum'd by hoſtile flame,
Troy bury'd lyes: Yet lives the *Trojan* name:
And ſo ſhall thine, tho with theſe Walls were loſt
All the Records thy Anceſtors could boaſt.

By thy own Gallantry immortal made,
Thy name ſhall laſt, nor needs a borrow'd aid.
For *Latium* conquer'd, and for *Turnus* ſlain,
Æneas lives, tho not one ſtone remain
Where he aroſe: Nor art thou leſs renown'd
For thy loud Triumphs on *Hungarian* ground.

* *The Gallery of Beauty's drawn by Sir* Godfrey Kneller, *for* Hampton Court.

Thoſe

Those * Arms, that for eight Centuries had (brav'd,
The wrath of Time, on Antique Stone engrav'd,
Now torn by Mortars, stand yet undefac'd,
On nobler Trophies, by thy Valour rais'd:
† Safe on thy Eagle's Wings, they soar above
The rage of War, or Thunder, to remove,
Born by the Bird, of *Cæsar*, and of *Jove*.

* *Alluding to the Arms of his Family, remaining till then, upon one of the Gates of the Town.*

† *Created Count of the* Roman *Empire, with priviledge to quarter his Arms upon the Breast of the* Roman *Eagle*, &c.

The 18th. Epiſtle OF HORACE,

In his Firſt Book of Epiſtles;

Engliſh'd in Imitation of Horace's *Style. The Scene chang'd.*

By Mr. BLOMER.

IF, Worthy Friend, I know Thee right, thou'lt ne'er
Abuſe the name of Friendſhip, to enſnare
The Man Thou call'ſt thy Friend; for as between
A Matron grave, and taudry Jilt, is ſeen

A diff'rence vaſt; ſo we alike may know
The true *well-meaning* Friend, from the *fair ſpeak-*
(*ing* Foe.

The contrary Extreme is full as bad,
Or rather worſe than this: —
A Country Courſeneſs, ſavage and uncouth,
Proud of a ſhaggy Beard, or naſty Tooth.
And this, forſooth, would fain be thought to be
Mere Negligence and pure Philoſophy.
But Virtue keeps the Golden Mean, and do's
From each Extreme an equal diſtance chooſe.

The Flatt'rers Complaiſance is over great,
Like crouching Slaves that laugh and pun for
(meat,
He watches ev'ry Motion of his Lord,
Reprieves each dying Jeſt, and E'cho's ev'ry
(Word.
As Boys repeat what their ſtern Maſters ſay,
Or Punchanello's Ape it in a Play.

The

The Bumkin about nothing makes a rout,
And, arm'd with non-ſenſe, fiercely ſtands it out.
Rather, ſays he, than any man ſhould find
More credit, or than I would be confin'd
From telling and defending all my Mind,
Heav'ns! I would looſe my Life: ——
For what's in Queſtion? 'Tis a grave conteſt
If *Betterton* or *Powel* acts the beſt.
Or whether, if to *Cambridge* you would ride,
You'd go by *Ware* or *Biſhop Stafford* ſide.
The broken Wencher and the fool of Play,
The Fop that eats and dreſſes all away,
The Wretch whoſe Cravings no Supplies can cure,
That rather would be any thing than Poor.
The Rich man loaths; though theſe perhaps (may be
As good, nay often better Men than He.
Or if he loaths 'em not, he keeps 'em ſtill
Bending in low ſubmiſſion to his will.

And as a Mother kindly do's adviſe
Her Daughters to be better, and more wiſe
Than ſhe has been; Ev'n ſo this Man of Pelf,
Engroſſes Vice and Folly to himſelf.
And fairly tells you, I've a large Eſtate
And Folly may be pardon'd in the Great.
But as for you, your income is but ſmall,
Ne'er vy with me till you have wherewithall.
The Droll that would enſnare another Man,
Sends him a Spangled Coat, for if he can
Bloat him with this, and make him ſtrut, he may
Turn all his thougths and wiſhes the wrong way.
He'l then ſleep on till Noon; the ſpunging (Whore
Grows more his care than Bus'neſs was before.
He'l mortgage all he's worth; in ſhort, play (any part,
Turn Bully-Hack or drive a * Turnip Cart

toris aget
rcede ca-
um.

To

To fiſh for Secrets ne'er do Thou pretend;
And if, unask'd, at any time thy Friend
Entruſt Thee with theſe treaſures of his heart;
Let neither Anger, force of Wine, or Art,
Tempt Thee to act a baſe, diſhoneſt Part.
Nor praiſe thy ſelf, nor other men accuſe,
Nor when He minds his hunt, mind Thou thy Muſe.
Theſe jars (ſtill dang'rous to the weaker ſide)
Did *Zethus* and *Amphion*'s hearts divide,
Till mild *Amphion* lay'd his hated Harp aſide.
He with his peeviſh Brother did comply;
Thou a like method with thy gentler Patron try.
And when he calls together all his train
Of Hounds and Horſes, on ſome Champain Plain,
Shake off thy Churliſh Muſes and away
Partake the labour, and divide the Prey.

Hunting the Romans always did eſteem
A manly, noble ſport; nor do's it ſeem
To bring leſs real profit, than delight,
It keeps the Body ſound and in a healthful plight.
Thou'rt able too, not Grey-hounds run ſo well,
Not Boars ſo ſtrong that in the Forreſts dwell.
Nor is there Man that can in Arms excell
Thy known addreſs: In all th' Academy
Fouber declares there's none can vy with Thee.
Beſides, Thou'ſt been in many a ſmart Campain,
Seen *William* fight; the *French* oppoſe in vain,
And heard'ſt him ſay;——
Imperious *France* ſhall awe the Field no more,
We ſcorn to fear the Men We rul'd before.
And leaſt Thou flinch, and take upon Thee here
A grave preciſeneſs; I can make't appear,
At home Thou'rt not ſo formal and ſevere.

The

The Seige of *Namur* Thou deſcrib'ſt in Sand;
Here *We* attack, and there the *French* withſtand.
Thy fiſh-pond is the Scene of *Ruſſells* fight,
Two fancy'd Fleets engage with flaming ſpight.
Thy Brother *Tourvil* is, and thou intent
On t'other ſide, doſt *Ruſſell* repreſent.
With equal warmth both Admirals engage,
'Till one ſide yielding, cools the others rage.
Leaſt theſe Amuſements any ſhould accuſe,
Do thou ſpeak kindly of what others uſe.
My beſt adviſe (if my adviſe you ſeek)
Is that You well conſider what you ſpeak
Of others, and in whom you do confide;
Th' *Inquiſitive* and *Blab* are near ally'd.
The heark'ner hearkens with deſign to tell,
And words once ſpoken make their laſt farewell.

In this p'ace have vary'd little from the Original: Reader that underſtands the Latin, will eaſily gueſs why.

* To a Lord's Daughter ne'er do thou pretend,
For gaining here a Wife, you looſe a Friend.
Mark it, my Friend, the Honourable Maid
Will ſpend your Fortune, e're her Portion's paid.
Theſe big Alliances, howe'er it go,
Are ſtill Expecting more than they Beſtow.

Conſider well the Man you recommend,
'Tis half your fault if he deceive your Friend.
Sometimes the Character you give may fail,
But when he forfeits that, withdraw your bail.
That ſtill you may have credit to defend
The Man you throughly know; if ſuch a Friend
Need your protection, and in danger be
From the rude blaſts of groundleſs Calumny.
This right to him, and to your ſelf is due,
For Malice, biting him, do's threaten you.

Yours

Yours is in danger if the next Houſe burn;
And ſparks neglected into flames will turn.

To Great Mens Favour we would all attain
Tho' each diſcarded Paraſite complain.
Thou, while the wind is fair, improve thy fate,
Preſs on in time; anon may be too late.
The jovial ſhun the ſad, and they the jovial fly;
Their diff'rent Souls do diff'rent pleaſures try.
The lazy hate the ſwift; and they the ſlow;
And ſottiſh Drunkards you ſhall rarely know
Bear with a man that baulks his glaſs, altho'
Reaſons of health excuſe his doing ſo.
Clear up, my Friend, the modeſt Men will call
Moroſe, and ſluggiſhly inclin'd; and all
The grave and learned, who but little ſay,
Are thought by ſome of a cenſorious way.

Read

Read well the Learned, and with them adviſe,
How Thou may'ſt ſweetly ſpend thy Life at eaſe,
Void of all anxious, troubleſome deſire,
That burns and waſts it ſelf by its own fire.
How rid thy ſelf of fears and hopes about
The toys of Life which we may live without,
Seek after Vertue, and enquire if ſhe
Th' effect of *Study* or of *Nature* be.
Ask what Præſcriptions may thy cares appeaſe,
Create content, and ſet thy Soul at eaſe.
Whether the Calm that ſtills the Conſcience be
Amongſt the Rich or Men of Quality,
Or in the ſilent maze the hidden charms of Privacy.
As oft as I can happily retreat
From the Town hurries to my Country ſeat,

Where

Where I my leiſure and my ſelf enjoy,
What thoughts, what pray'rs d'ye think my Soul imploy?
My modeſt wiſh is of this humble ſize,
Rather may my Eſtate grow leſs, than riſe.
And if my Line of Life muſt further go,
May I the reſt upon my Self beſtow.
Give me but Books; and let me always ſee
A Years Proviſion for my Family;
That I may ne'r deſpair, nor be in doubt
How I ſhall live when my low ſtock is out.
Such things alone deſire of *Jove*, as he
Can give at pleaſure, and can take from Thee.
Riches, and Life, and Health let him beſtow,
A quiet Mind I to my Self will owe.

To

To the Honourable and Reverend

Dr. Montague

Late Master of Trinity-College *in* Cambridge; *upon his being made Clerk of the Closet to his Majesty.*

By Mr. BLOMER.

NOw are our Muses equally inclin'd
To joyn with either Faction of the Mind.
Whether in sprightly Numbers to *rejoice*,
Or *blame* Your fortune with a selfish voice.
Our *Joy* and *Grief* suspend the doubtful Scale;
And 'tis scarce fit that either should prevail.
So when two Magnets of an equal size,
With equal Influence dispute the Prize,

The

The humble Steel maintains a juſt delay,
Both ſeem to Call, and both to bid it Stay.
Yet think not, Sir, we are leſs Loyal grown,
We bleſs *your* Fortune, but lament *our own.*
Our Sov'reign calls, 'tis juſt You ſhould obey,
But 'tis the deareſt Tribute we can pay.
You, the beſt Phœbus of our *Athens*, gon,
The dull, cold Days of Poetry come on.
Gladly indeed we ſuffer for your ſake,
Yet both our Paſſions muſt have leave to ſpeak.
So when of old great *Romulus* was call'd
From Earth to Heav'n, amongſt the Gods inſtall'd,
The Romans did with pain themſelves reſtrain,
From wiſhing their Protector down again.
But He moſt happy! Whoſe judicious choice,
Is crown'd with Ecchos from the publick Voice.
Well may we hope our Prince deſign'd by Fate
T' enlarge the Borders both of Church and State.

His

His Courage from its *Foes* our Church defends,
And his juſt Goodneſs do's advance its *Friends.*
So *Jove* in thunder do's his Pow'r diſplay,
In louder threats the wicked to diſmay.
While ſuch as in the choſen number ſtand,
Receive the favours of his giving Hand.

Wiſe *Athens* did of old *Her Chief* commend,
For chuſing *Socrates* to be his Friend.
Nor is leſs Glory to *Our Hero* due,
He had his *Socrates* and ours has *You.*
Reſtrain his Ardour then, leaſt it ſhould prove
Fatal to both our Intereſt and Love.
'Tis He ſupports the World, and if He fall
The Globe will tremble at His Funeral.
Aſſiſt His Piety; and may it be
Kindled from that chaſt light, which ſhines in Thee;
Pure and unfully'd ſtill in ev'ry Part,
Seen in the *Face* but rooted in the *Heart.*

Thus

Thus may the *Saint* be ſtyl'd the *Monarchs* Friend,
And the bright Influence on All deſcend.

The She Critick.

By Mr. BLOMER.

WHat art thou? wondrous ſhe! Whence
(ſhall I call
For ſome vaſt word to comprehend
(Thee all?
Far as thy Fame can fly, thy Pow'r extend's,
Beaus are thy *play-things*; Poets are thy *Friends*.
We to thy *Beauty* paſſively ſubmit,
But thy beloved Attribute is *Wit*.
Of this immortal Good thou ſtandſt ſecure,
Clear is thy Title, thy poſſeſſion ſure.

By

By all judicious Fops it is confeſs'd,
But by thy Self 'tis underſtood the beſt.
Above thy Sex thy tow'ring Name ſhall fly,
Be thou the Prophet, or inform us why
In all back ſtrokes of Wit thy ſtrength we ſee,
Keen is thy Cenſure, ſmart thy Repartee.
By Nature thou art fram'd for Empire fit,
Thy *Face* a Mouſe-trap is, a murth'ring tool thy (*Wit.*

To thee green Wits their early ventures bring,
Enrich their Poems from thy larger ſpring.
Like Bull-Finches they learn to ſing from Thee,
Riſe note by note, *Crambo's* their firſt Degree.
Kings by their touch our ailings can relieve,
So from thy touch ill Plays their cure receive.
Brooded by thee, the unfledg'd Squabs appear,
Their Fathers fondlings and their Nurſes care.

Nicely

Nicely their various Dooms thou can'ſt foreſee,
Tell which is *Farce* and which is *Comedy*.
Know'ſt which the relliſh of the Town will fit,
And which will prove true eighteen penny Wit:
Thy Name alone, beſpeaks our lowd applauſe,
So did *Egeria* ſtrengthen *Numa's* Laws.
O happy *Poets!* but more happy *You*,
To find their Follies, and expoſe 'em too.
From harms of thunder is our Laurel free;
But tho' 'tis thunder-proof, 'tis ſcorcht by Thee:
Criticks are *Friends*; but thy chief care we ſee
Is not to *prune*, but to *deſtroy* the Tree.
Thy ſacred function being ſtill to mend,
Thou'rt bound in Honour never to commend.
If no juſt cauſe from their demerits grow,
Thou rak'ſt thy ſpite on Wits for being ſo.
Thus *Pompey* did at *Cæſar's* pow'r inveigh,
Both could not *reign*, and neither could *obey*.

Lovers and Wits to the same Rule are bound:
To praise a Rival's losing so much ground.

VERSES

Occasionally Written

UPON

St. *Andrew's* Day.

By Mr. BLOMER.

HOw Blindly Men their Happyness pursue!
Vainly they run, yet still the Course renew.
Each bright Illusion fills our giddy thought,
For we ne'er see the snare, till we are caught.
Unruly

Unruly Paſſions do their Slaves betray,
And make it pleaſant ſeem to run aſtray.
Yet we with eager arms our Foes Embrace,
And *Hug* thoſeRebels, which we ſhould *Diſgrace*.
Forward we Preſs with inauſpicious Speed,
Mad if we *Miſs*, undone if we *Succeed*.
The toys of Life our fond Ambition cheat,
And Men turn *Fools* in order to be *Great*.
Reaſon we boaſt, our large Prerogative,
But Reaſon ſure would wiſer Counſel give;
Inſtruct our Flight, and teach us that the way
To perfect Happyneſs, is *To obey*:
Obey that God whoſe Laws are all deſign'd
Not to Oppreſs, but to Exalt Mankind.
Who to our *Duty* nothing do's propoſe,
But what unbyaſs'd *Reaſon* bids us chooſe.
If much we bear, we know we cannot miſs
The ſweet returns of Everlaſting Bliſs.

In this well grounded hope *Great Martyrs* fall,
Nor Fear, but Triumph at their Funeral.
Thus *Andrew* ſuffer'd, and thus too might We,
Did we *Believe* and *Love* as much as He.
Love ſmooths the way, and *Faith* do's Fear ſubdue;
It brings our *Canaan* to a nearer view.
His brighter vertue help's to raiſe our thought,
But 'tis impoſſible it ſhould be taught.
On ſuch ſtrong Souls as *Martyrdom* can bear,
God's image is impreſt with double care.
Through a dark Vale of ſufferings they move,
To perfect *Happyneſs* by perfect *Love*.
O wondrous Love! that can our Torments eaſe,
Add charms to Death, and make Afflictions pleaſe.
Immortal Saint! Bright Glory of this Day!
Our humble tribute to thy Shrine we pay.

Yet

Yet 'twould in Thee more ſolid pleaſure raiſe,
To mend our Lives, than to receive our Praiſe.
Thy great Example teaches us the way
To boundleſs Joy, and to immortal Day.
But whil'ſt our Heav'n born Souls would higher go,
The Magnet Earth ſtill fixes us below.
Thy Glorious Death do's our weak pow'r tranſcend,
All cannot *imitate* what All *commend*.
To ſuch a pitch our Zeal can ſeldom grow,
(Nor need we fear thoſe harſher tryals now.)
Yet in our Lives at leaſt we may agree,
Learn to *Believe* and to *Obey* like Thee.
Who at our Lord's firſt ſummons did'ſt reſign
The *Worldly Part*, to take the *Part Divine*.
Happy Reverſe of Fate! and yet how few
Do ſuch a Happyneſs as This purſue?

Obedience would our falling State renew,
Unite our Int'reſts and our Duty too.
Hatred and Diſcord would for ever ceaſe,
For *Perfect Love* would make a *perfect Peace.*
And Love we ſhould, for this God's Laws en-
(joyn,
Our Souls would mix, and mixing *thus* refine.
Void of all anxious fears our Days would flow,
We ſhould have Paradiſe, and Bliſs divine be-
(low.

O wretched Man! by his Creator made
For endleſs Joy; but by himſelf betray'd.
To ſteer our Lives we ſcarce one thought be-
(ſtow,
But curb our *Reaſon*, that our *Vice* may grow.
Headlong we run, and downward bend our ſight;
In Love with Darkneſs, *or aſham'd* of Light.

Nor let bold Sinners think the guilt to ſcape,
By painting Vertue in an odious ſhape.

Vain-

Vainly God's Laws a heavy Yoke they call,
Made not to bleſs Mankind, but to enthral.
Were his Commands thus rigorouſly hard,
Our Pains would ſtill be leſs than *His Reward.*
But *Scripture* do's this weak pretence diſprove:
God is not cruel ſure, for *God is Love.*
And Reaſon ſays (nor ſhould it loſe its ſway)
When Love *Commands,* 'tis pleaſant to *Obey.*

PROLOGUE

Spoken to the Ladies before the Muſick Act, at the Publick Commencement at Cambridge, *On* Tueſday *the* 5*th. of* July. 1698.

Written by Mr. *BLOMER.*

THus long our Learned Arts have rul'd the Day,
To entertain You in a *ſerious* way.

We run a glorious Courſe, by juſt degrees,
Firſt labour to *Inſtruct*, and then to *Pleaſe*.
Reign Beauty now; and ſure 'tis always fit,
That moſt ſhould govern, to which All ſubmit.
Love, mighty Love! do's all our Pow'rs controul,
Finds ev'ry little ſhallow of the Soul.
We try all orher Paſſions to ſubdue,
But Love will not be Conquer'd but by You.
You can it's tend'reſt Overtures defy,
Laugh when we ſigh, and triumph when we die.
Cupid! Thou art too kind, and too ſevere,
There lodge thy Graces, but thy Darts are *here*.
Look down Ye Fair! The goodly ſpoil ſurvey,
The pow'r of Life and Death is Yours to Day.
Theſe Honours to your Sex are juſtly paid,
Our weaker Nature ſtood in need of Aid,
And Man was hardly *Man* till *Eve* was made

But

But You ne'er needed Husbands——no not You;
Swiftly Ye fly us, ſwifter We purſue.
For You we lay our *Greek* and *Latin* down,
Our Muſes ſpeak the Language of the Town
Diſtinguiſh then the *Scholar* and the *Clown.*
Apollo do's his ſtudious Sons adviſe
To ſeek new ſtudies in the Ladies Eyes.
Hither the maiden Lovers All repair,
To pay their due Allegiance to the Fair.
Our Books, thoſe Arms of Learning, we neglect,
And grow *mere Dunces*——out of *pure Reſpect.*
So from his Arms *Antonius* did retire,
His *Love* was hotter than his *Martial Fire.*
Each *fading Doctor* ſighs at ſight of *You*,
And finds *Old Nature* ſtinging him *anew.*
Their cold Cheeks glow, in ſpight of three ſcore Years,
So melt's the Snow, when the bright Sun appears.

Cou'd

Cou'd Ye diſlike thoſe Rev'rend Men of Parts,
I'd here preſent you* This brave *King of Hearts.*
Yet hold: methinks this laſt Expedient's beſt,
Let *Muſick* try its Pow'r in ev'ry Breaſt.
Muſick, that tune's the Floods, make's Deſarts gay,
And woo's all Nature in the tendreſt way.
Whoſe ſubtleſt Magick acts on ev'ry Part,
But makes its quickeſt Paſſage to the Heart.
Muſick, whoſe mighty Pow'r alone can boaſt,
It moſt delights us, when it Wounds us moſt.
Oh! may it here a kind Reception find,
And may a ſoft Impreſſion ſtay behind.

Thrice Happy *Artiſts*! who alone have found
The utmoſt Force and Energy of *Sound.*
Our *Muſe* ſubmits to *You*, nor dares conteſt,
Whether Her Eloquence or Yours be beſt.
The ſlights of Men in Love, without your Art,
But ſlightly graze upon the Ladies Heart.

They

*) The Senior Proctor.

They languiſh when You help us to complain,
Forc'd to Conſent, or to Refuſe with Pain.
But will You *Beau's* your ancient claims diſ-
(grace,
Own any charm in Love like *Air* and *Face*?
Tis who can Dreſs, and Swear, and Ogle well,
And thus *You Wits* each other do excel.
All better Arts You modiſhly deſpiſe,
Phoo? Pox; 'tis damn'd Pedantick To be Wiſe.
To that Fair Audience then make no pretence,
For all thoſe Ladies came for Men of Senſe.

EPILOGUE,

By the ſame Hand.

DRead Criticks.! We have nothing more
(to plead,
And You to Execution may proceed.

Damn

Damn all this two Days work, before ye fly;
But then be Cunning, and ne'er tell us why.
Say all was dull, and all was out of Seaſon,
We will not poſe you, Sirs, and ask your Reaſon.
Tho' any Fop may *chance* to hit us right,
As *Paris* did *Achilles* in the Fight.
Yet have a care:
There's nothing got by being too ſevere,
All are not *Cato's* that are *Cenſors* here.
Ne'er truſt your Satyr ev'n with one another,
For no *true Critick* ever ſpar'd *his Brother.*
Shou'd You your Jeſt on this or that provide,
Some *Bully Wit* muſt *draw* on t'other ſide.
For thus You grow by Oppoſition Wiſe,
Whil'ſt each his fellow Juſtly do's deſpiſe.
To You, *Oxonian Friends*, we do ſubmit,
You on the *Bench*, as *Lawfull Judges*, ſit,
With a full Pow'r of *Learning* and of *Wit.*

Judge

Judge then: But not with all the Rigour of your
(Senſe,
Reſerve a ſacred Power to diſpenſe.
Your Fame and *Ours* do ſeem ſo near ally'd,
One cou'd not *thrive*, ſhou'd t'other be *decry'd*.
Each Learned *Greece* her Siſter ſhou'd defend,
And loſe the *Critick* to preſerve the *Friend*.
If we are Friends, the World may be defy'd,
That *larger* Part will prove the *weaker* ſide,
With us, ſince firſt they loſt their ancient
(Seat,
The Learned Arts have found their beſt
(retreat.
Science we ſeek, yet modeſtly profeſs,
Some Nations boaſt of more, but ſhew us leſs.
Our Countreys humour is unfolded here,——
Grave, Maſculin, and Bold it do's appear.
To ev'ry Genius we aſſign its Part,
And ſecond *Nature* by the Rules of *Art*.

But

But whether *You* or *We* do better toile
To Husband and Manure the fruitful Soile:
We must not wish that nice Dispute shou'd end;
They serve our Credit least, who most contend.
Oxford and *Cambridge* we alike must bless,
Rome lost her self, by making *Carthage* less.
May no Bold *Scipio* dang'rously succeed,
And shew the World which *Athens* do's exceed.
No: Let each Rival Sister stand her ground;
('tis fit
That neither yield in *Learning* or in *Wit*.

HORACE

HORACE 1st Epistle, Book the 1st.

TO

Mæcenas.

English'd by Mr. BLOMER.

MY Virgin Muse began to sing of You,
Her elder cares the mighty Theme pursue.
Like some Old Champion I had now obtain'd
A kind dismission, but am still detain'd.
Still Great *Mæcenas* would engage my Lyre,
Still *Horace* would be rul'd by His Desire.

In

In vain I ſtrive; my glowing Youth is gone,
And thoughts too cool for Poetry come on.
No longer now *Vejanius* do's appear,
To *Hercules* he conſecrates his Spear:
He courts the Crowd for his Diſcharge no more,
As Happy now, as Terrible before.
Oft do's my *Better Genius* thus adviſe,
Horace! Withdraw in time if thou art wiſe.
The flying Steed, that challeng'd all the Plain,
Is foil'd at laſt, aud ſtrains, and pant's in vain.
Here then, my Muſe, my Gay Delights Adieu!
A long Farewell to Vanity and You!
Truth now and Duties worthy Man be ſought,
The goodly Objects fill my lab'ring thought.
I gather firſt and range the precious Ore,
The next great work is to diſplay my Store.

Ask

Ask not what Sect, what School I do obey.
No haughty Pedant do's my Judgment ſway:
I ſail around and ev'ry Coaſt ſurvey.
Sometimes I boldly Launch into the Waves of State,
Nor do's the *Court*, my *Honeſty* rebate.
Again I am ſeduc'd:
Wild *Ariſtippus* Maxims I attend,
Not I to Fate, ſays He, but Fate to Me ſhall bend.
As Night ſeems tedious to the boyling Youth,
When *Phyllis* breaks her Aſſignation Truth:
As the poor Slave grows weary of the Light,
Whoſe venal Labour ſtands engag'd till Night:
As Years ſeem Ages to the ſprightly Heir
That's left to periſh by his Mother's Care:
So Time, methinks, do's rowl but deadly on,
While my great Work is hardly yet begun.

A Work which long has exercis'd my Thought,
And which with diligence I ſhould have wrought.
Which Poor and Rich with equal profit ſhare,
To Young and Old alike their *Death* if not their
(*Care.*

At length theſe Principles I muſt infuſe,
The beſt, the wiſeſt Cordials I can uſe.

Read Lyncus *as 'tis in the Original, if you like that better.*

THOU'LT ne'er like * Eagles face the piercing
(Light
Yet try the Means to fortifie thy ſight.
THO' *Glycon*'s matchleſs Strength thou can't at-
(tain,
'Tis worth thy while to get ſecur'd from Pain.
DARE to begin and hope thou may'ſt proceed.
If wretched Avarice torment thy brain,
Philoſophy foments the raging pain,
And helps the Patient to his Senſe again.
If Love of Fame diſeaſe thee, here's thy Cure;
Thrice read the gentle Charm, and thou'rt ſe-
(cure.

The

The Slave of Vice and Paſſion here may find
A ſoft reſtraint, may ſooth his ſavage Mind,
If He'll but liſten to a Friend ſo kind.

Vertue begins in hating *Vice*; deſpiſe
Thy *Folly* once, and then thou may'ſt be *Wiſe*.
But O! What mighty things are *Intereſt* and *Place*?
To purchaſe Votes, that is, to buy Diſgrace,
What anxious Care, what Labour we embrace?
O'er Seas and Rocks and thro' the burning Zone
The greedy Merchant flies and makes the world his own.
In vain your wiſer Notions you'd inſtill,
The Wretch can ne'er be Wiſe againſt his Will.
What ſtroling Gladiator would engage
For a vile profit on a *Countrey Stage*?
If in *th' Olympicks* he might gain renown,
And without danger bear away the Crown.

Silver to Gold, to Vertue Gold muſt yield.
Yet here's the Common Cry:
Firſt, Noble Romans, Money muſt be ſought,
Let naked Vertue be our ſecond thought.
Their *Mammon* thus the Bankers do adore,
Old Knaves and Young reſound the godly Lore.
If you give ſhort of the expected Bribe.
In vain you do Harangue the hungry Tribe.
Faith, Probity, nor Vallour gain their Will,
You muſt be *Rich*, or a *Plebeian* ſtill.
Thus *Rome* elect's, not to the *Roman Boys*,
Strive to excel, they ſing, the Beſt the Crown enjoys.
Be this your Fortreſs; to be void of Sin,
Without not pale with Guilt, nor foil within.
Shall *Roſcius* then or *Children* guide our State?
They honour *Merit*, Roſcius an *Eſtate*.

Brave

Brave *Curius* and *Camillus* too when young
Sung the ſweet ſtrain, and practis'd what they
(ſung.

The *World* cries out, Let Money be your
(Care;
Honeſtly got 'tis beſt, yet never ſpare
To uſe *foul* means, if nothing comes by *fair*.
Money commands the Box, and let's you in,
When *Puppius* wound's us with his mournful
(Scene.

Great as himſelf the *Sage* would have you be
Free and exempt from Fortunes Tyranny:
Pray which adviſes beſt? the *World* or *He*?

Now ſhould the Roman People ask me why
A Fellow-Citizen, a Roman I,
Such diff'rent eſtimates of things ſhould make,
Nor like what They purſue, nor what They fly
(forſake;

As once the wary Fox did prudently
Anſwer the Lyons Queſtion, I reply:
I mark the ſteps before thy dreadful Den,
They all run tow'rds Thee, none come back agen.
Tell me thou many-headed Creature Rome!
What would'ſt Thou wiſh me to purſue? or (Whom?
The State Revenues ſome delight to farm,
By Preſents ſome the greedy Widow charm:
To Rich Old Batchelors their Homage pay,
The Dotards hug 'em, but become their Prey.
Some by a ſly Extortion raiſe their Gain,
Avoid the ſcandal, but enjoy the Sin.

Go on:
Take ev'ry ſingle Man his diff'rent Cue,
But be not ev'ry Hour to chuſe anew.

The

The lovely *Baiæ* all the World outvies,
The Great Man ſays it, every Fop complies;
Turns Builder There, contracts the neigb'ring (Flood,
Frames vaſt Deſigns, ne'er ſtay's to make 'em good.
The rich Materials, ſuch his moody thought,
To morrow for *Teanum* muſt be brought.
Still with his fooliſh Self He is at ſtrife,
If Marry'd, Oh! this damn'd, vexatious Wife!
How ſweet the Freedoms of a ſingle Life!
Take him without this hated Spouſe, and then
The Husbands only are the Happy Men:
What Pow'rs to rule this *Proteus* ſhall I call?
All ſhapes He chuſes and deſpiſes all.
Now laugh at Follies of the lower Rate,
For ev'ry Roman is or would be Great.
The *Poor Man* ſhifts his Lodgings twice a year
Here *Summer* Beds, there *Winter* do appear.

Now to *Cool* Bath's, and now to *Hot* He goes:
And ev'ry Beard a lighter Barber mows.
In his own Barge the *Rich Man* puts to Sea;
The *Poor Man* hire's a Boat, and is as ſick as He.

When e'er I happen in your ſight to ſtand
Aukwardly cropt by ſome unequal Hand:
If I appear ungainly in my Dreſs,
If the new Coat a tatter'd Shirt confeſs;
You laugh, *Mæcenas*, and can do no leſs.
Yet Follies more abſurd diſtract my frantick Mind,
Now loathing that to which it was inclin'd;
True to no Rule, it ebbs and flows by turns,
Flies from its Object ſoon, and ſoon returns,
Down comes the Houſe (ſo Rich am I) and then
I change my Scheme and build it up agen.
The World, You think, is e'en as Mad as I,
Nor Doctors bid me nor a Keeper try:

You

You that have rais'd my Fate, and now defend,
You that would ev'ry leſſer Fault amend
In your obſervant and devoted Friend.

Here learn in ſhort, my Great *Mæcenas*, why
To Wiſdom now I would my thoughts apply.
The *Sage* admits of no Supremacy;
But mighty *Jove*'s; Rich, Honourable, Free,
Handſom, above all Kingly Majeſty,
Healthful beyond compariſon, but when
He's overcharg'd with Phlegm or Vapours, then
The Godlike Stoick's juſt like other Men.

A

On

On the Death of His HIGHNESS the D. of *GLOCESTER.*

By Mr. *GEORGE GEFFERIES*
Of *Trinity College* in *Cambridge.*

AS when ſome Merchant on the Stormy main,
In Flatt'ring Dreams enjoys his precious gain,
But wakes, with weeping Eyes to ſee it caſt
To raging Waves, and fears Himſelf to ſink at laſt.

Such

Such empty hopes of Golden Days to come,
Britannia entertain'd from *Glou'ſter*'s bloom,
With like amazement does her Darling moan,
And at His fall diſheartned, dread her own.

Scarce were her grateful ſhouts and tranſ-
(ports o'er,
Due to the Day that her *Aſcanius* bore;
When ſtreight the tidings of th' expiring Boy,
Like Lightning, blaſted her imperfect joy.
Thus *Ilium*, ruin'd e'er the day return'd,
In Aſhes her nocturnal Revels mourn'd:
The Deluge thus th' aſtoniſh'd Nations found,
Secure of danger and in Pleaſures drown'd.
Ev'n in his Birth-day ornaments he dies,
Like ſome choice Victim dreſs'd for Sacrifice.
So *Hammon's* Son arreſted by his death,

Amid'ſt

Amid'ſt the chearful Bowls reſign'd his glorious
(Breath;
Nor more than We, the *Macedonians* griev'd,
When dying he th' adoring World deceiv'd.
Our hopes, in *Glou'ſter*, had the Fates been kind,
Another *Alexander* once deſign'd;
And propheſied from His victorius Sword
To us a ſure Defence, and to the World a Lord.
But the large product ſhew'd too quick a prime,
'Tis fatal to be Ripe before the time.
So ſhoots ſome generous Plant his Youthful head,
With kindly ſhow'rs, and Heav'ns indulgence
(Fed.
He ſeems by Nature's laviſh bounty made,
With proſp'rous growth the Clouds above
(t'invade,
And skreen the Flocks below with his extend-
(ed Shade.

But

But thro' abounding early Vigour weak,
The Body bends, the loaded Tendrils break;
He ſheds his blooming Honours all around,
And ſinks with Fatal Plenty to the Ground.

In vain each artful Son of *Paan* tries
With emulous skill the nobleſt Remedies,
In vain more precious Tears bedew each Pa-
(rents Eyes
Quick, as the Flow'rs are mown, He yields his
(Breath,
But ſhews like them, a while, ev'n Beautiful in
(Death.
So look'd the charming *Hyacinthus* Slain,
By Heav'nly Pow'rs belov'd and mourn'd in vain;
No longer Life would haſty Fate allow,
Tho' then *Apollo* ſtrove, as *Ratcliffe* now.

The

The youthful Squadron that e'erwhile he led,
In weeping crowds ſurrounds the lovely Dead:
Thus throng'd the *Cupids* where *Adonis* lay,
And mourn'd and threw their uſeleſs Darts away.
Yet a few years, and They, in fighting Fields,
With Him had reap'd the Bays which real warfare yields.
Had ſeen their beauteous *Mars* with dextrous force,
On adverſe Javelins urge his foaming Horſe;
Or thro' wide Plains with ſlaughter'd Foes o'erſpread,
Purſue the Noble Chaſe by daring *William* led.

Ev'n *William*'s Courage by this ſtroke is tried,
Dejected only more when *Mary* died:
In his ſwoln Eyes his tender Grief appears,
Tho' ſtill his Blood flows ſooner than his Tears.

How

How high, Great Sir, was our expectance rais'd,
In *Glou'ſter* hoping what in You we prais'd!
Secure like *Eden*, tho' defil'd with Sin,
You was the Sword, and He the Cherubin.

Who can enough the fatal hour deteſt,
When that fair Body loſt its fairer Gueſt,
The World a Wonder, and our *Annals* more,
Than ever grac'd their ſhining leaves before;
The nobleſt Family its ſole Encreaſe,
The Land its preſent Joy, and pledge of future Peace!
The Tyrant whom wild Rage did once provoke
To wiſh his Nation's fall by one Compendious Stroke.
Here had he reign'd, and *Glou'ſter*'s death beheld,
Had ſeen his Hate without his Crime fulfill'd.

Whence

Whence was this lovely Morn ſo ſoon o'ercaſt?
Was the choice Subſtance too refin'd to laſt?
Or have the Pow'rs ſome other blow prepar'd,
And therefore firſt diſarm'd us of our Guard?
Or grudg'd they *Albion* her too wealthy ſtore?
Or ſnatch'd the Son, t'endear the Mother more?
How does the Mother her loſt Darling mourn,
So near his day of Birth from her Embraces torn?
Sadly ſhe thinks on her vain Child-bed throes,
With pangs more laſting, and more ſharp than (thoſe:
She wiſhes oft to fill His happier place,
And Death ſhows lovely in her *Glou'ſter*'s Face.
Thro' ev'ry Scene of Grief her fancie flies,
His living hopes, and then his dying Cries.
Cries diſmal as were thoſe, when Judgment (ſwept
From *Ægypt* her firſt born, by ev'ry Parent wept;

As

As thoſe, which to the Jews, by Foes oppreſs'd,
Their Guardian Angels laſt farewell expreſs'd.

O! more by Sorrow now than, Greatneſs known.
O! Thou, that waſt the Mother of a Son,
Precious like Him, Heav'n to the Patriarch gave;
Tho' no kind Angel interpos'd to ſave
Your only *Iſaac* from his ſudden Grave.
For his dear loſs behold the Nation griev'd,
If ſorrow be by Partnerſhip reliev'd,
The Nation, that your ſorrow too endures,
Or might endure her own, but cannot Yours.

Then ſpare Your Tears, and ſpare the King-
dom's too,
Your Sex in Vertue foil'd, excel in Courage now;
In Courage, that the World may worthy own
Of *Glaſter*'s Mother, and Your future Throne.

So may our Guardian Angel, that a while
Vouchſafed, in *Glou'ſter*'s ſhape, to bleſs our Iſle,
Tho' now to angry Heav'n return'd again,
(But Heav'n will ſtill be kind ſince you remain)
So may that Genius, with a better doom,
Once more to be cloth'd in Fleſh from your au-
(ſpicious Womb.
And by reſembling this firſt Heav'nly Boy,
Beguile your Melancholy into Joy.
Such be his forward Wit, his Beauteous frame,
In all, but his untimely End, the ſame.
And when (but late will be that fatal hour,
The Years your *Glou'ſter* loſt, Heaven will to you
reſtore)
When long, by publick Vows, detain'd below,
To wiſhing Angels you at length ſhall go;
Let him the Throne, adorn'd by You, aſcend,
And with juſt Pow'r the willing Iſle defend.

So Compoſe

Compoſe his Realm's Diviſions, heal its Wounds,
Revive its Valour, and enlarge its Bonnds,
Brave as his Father, make the World obey,
And gently rule it with his Mother's Sway.
A Prince like this to *Britain's* hopes is due,
For *Britain* hopes freſh Miracles to view,
Remembring *Glou'ſter*, and beholding you.

IMITATION OF Milton.

Sing, Heavenly Muse,
Things unattempted yet in Prose, or Rhyme,
A Shilling, Breeches, and Chimeras dire.

HAppy the Man, who void of Cares, and (Strife,
In Silken, or in Leathern Purse retains
A splendid Shilling: He no'r hears with pain
New Oysters cry'd, nor sigh's for chearful Ale:
But with his Friends, when nightly Mists arise,

To

To *Juniper's*, or *Maggy's*, or *Town-hall* repairs:
Where mindful, of the Nymph, whose wanton (Eye
Transfixt his Soul, and kindled am'rous flames
Chloe, or *Phyllis*, He each circling Glass
Wishes her health, and joy, and equal Love.
Mean while he Smoak's and Laugh's at merry (Tale,
Or Pun Ambiguous, or *Connundrum* quaint.
But I, whom griping Penury surrounds,
And Hunger, sure attendent upon Want,
With scanty Offals, and small acid Tiff,
(Wretched Repast) my meagre Corps sustain.

Then solitary walk, or doze at home,
In Garret vile, and with a warming Puff,
Regale chill'd Fingers, or from Tube, as black
As Winters Chimney, or well polish'd Jett,

Exhale

Exhale *Mundungus*'s ill perfuming Smoak;
Nor blacker Tube, nor of a ſhorter ſize:
Smoak's *Cambro-Britain*, (vers'd in Pedegree,
Sprung from *Cadwallader* and *Arthur*, ancient (Kings,
Full famous in Romantick Tale) when He
O're many a craggy Hill, or fruitleſs Cliff,
Upon a Cargo of fam'd *Ceſtrian* Cheeſe,
High over-ſhadowing, Rides, with a deſign
To vend his Ware, or at at th' *Arvenian* Mart;
Or *Maridunum*, or the ancient Town
Hight *Morganumia*, or where *Vaga*'s ſtream,
Incircles *Ariconium* (fruitful Soil)
Whence flow *Nectareous* Wines, that well may (vie
With *Maſſic*, *Setian*, or renown'd *Falern*.

Thus while my Joyleſs hours I lingring ſpend
With Looks demure, and ſilent pace, a Dun,

Horri-

Horrible Monſter, hated by Gods, and Men,
To my *Aerial*, *Cittadel* aſcends.
With Vocal heel thrice thundring at my Gates,
With hideous Accent, thrice he calls. I know
The Voice ill-boding, and the ſolemn Sound.
What ſhou'd I do, or whether turn, amaz'd?
Confounded to the dark receſs I fly
Of Wood-hole; ſtrait my Briſtling hair erect,
My Tongue forgets her faculty of Speech,
So horrible he ſeems. His faded brow
Entrench't with many a Frown, and Conic Beard,
And ſpreading Band, admir'd by modern Saints,
Diſaſtrous acts forebode; in his right hand
Long Scrowls of Paper ſolemnly he waves,
With Characters and Figures dire inſcrib'd,
Grievous to mortal Eyes (ye Gods avert
Such plagues from Righteous men) behind him (ſtands

Another

Another Monſter, not unlike himſelf,
Of aſpect ſullen, by the Vulgar call'd
A *Catchpole*, whoſe polluted hands the Gods,
With force incredible, and Magick Charms
Er'ſt have endue'd: If He his ample Palm
Shou'd haply on ill-fated ſhoulder lay,
Of Debtor, ſtrait his Body to the touch
Obſequious (as *Whilom* Knights were wont)
To ſome Enchanted Caſtle is convey'd,
Where Gates impregnable and coercive Charms,
In Durance vile detain him; till in form
Of Money, *Pallas* ſets the Captive free.
Beware ye Debtors when ye walk, beware,
Be circumſpect, oft with inſidious Ken,
This Caitiff eyes your ſteps aloof, and oft
Ly's perdue in a creak, or gloomy Cave,
Prompt to Enchant ſome inadvertent wretch,

With

With his unhallow'd Touch. So, Poets ſing,
Grimalkin, to Domeſtick vermin ſworn
An everlaſting Foe, with watchful Eyes,
Lyes nightly brooding o're a chinky Paſs,
Protending her full claws; to thoughtleſs Mice
Sure Ruin; ſo her diſembowel'd Web,
The Spider in a Hall, or Kitchen ſpreads;
Obvious to vagrant Fly's, ſhe ſecret ſtands
Within her woven Cell, the humming Prey
Regardleſs of their Fate, ruſh on the Toils
Inextricable; nor will ought avail,
Their Arts, or Arms, or ſhape of lovely Hue.
The Waſp inſidious, and the buzzing Drone,
And Butterfly proud, of expanded Wings,
Diſtinct with Gold, entangled in her ſnare
Uſeleſs Reſiſtance make; with eager ſtrides
She towring flyes to her expected Spoils;
Then, with envenom'd Jaws, the vital blood
Drinks

Drinks of reluctant Foes, and to her Cave
Their bulky carcasses triumphant drags.

So pass my days. But when nocturnal shades
This World envelop, th' inclement Air
Persuades Men to repell benumming frosts,
With pleasant Wines and crackling blaze of Wood:
Me lonely sitting near the glimmering light
Of *make-weight* Candle; nor the joyous Talk
Of lovely Friend delight; distress't, forlorn
Amid'st the horrors of the tedious night:
Darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal thoughts
My anxious mind; or wakeling mournful verse
Indite, and sing of Groves and Mirtle shades,
Or desp'rate Lady near a purling stream,
Or Lover pendent on a willow Tree.
Mean while I labour with eternal Drought,

And

And restless wish in vain; my parched throat
Find's no Relief, nor heavy Eyes Repose.
But if a slumber happly do's invade
My weary Limbs, my Fancy, still awake
Longing for Drink, and eager in my dream,
Tipples imaginary Pots of Ale.
Awake, I find the settled thirst remains
Still gnawing, and the pleasant Phantom curse.
Thus do I live, from pleasure quite debar'd,
Nor taste the fruits that the Suns genial Rays
Mature, *John*-Apple, nor the downy Peach,
Nor Wall-nut in rough, furrow'd coat secure,
Nor Medlar, Fruit delicious in decay.
Afflictions great! yet greater still remain;
My Galligaskins, that have long withstood
The Winters Fury and encroaching Frosts;
By time subdu'd (what will not time subdue?)
A horrid Chasm disclose, with Orifice
Wide,

Wide, diſcontinuous; at which the Winds
Eurus and *Auſter*, and the dreadful force
Of *Boreas*, that congeals the Chronian Waves,
Tumultuous enter, with dire chilling blaſts
Portending Agues. Thus a well fraught Ship
Long Sail'd ſecure, or thro' th' *Ægean* Deep,
Or thro' the *Ionian*, till cruiſing near
The *Lelibaan* ſhore, with hideous Craſh
On *Scylla*, or *Carybdis*, dang'rous Rocks,
She ſtrikes; rebounding whence the ſhatterd (Oak,
So feirce a ſhock unable to withſtand,
Admits the Sea in at the gaping ſide;
The crowding Waves guſh with impetuous (Rage,
Reſiſtleſs, overwhelming. Horrors ſeize
The Mariners, Death in their Eyes appears,
They ſtare, they lave, they pump, they ſwear, (they pray,
Vain

Vain effort ! ſtill the batt'ring Waves ruſh (in
Implacable, till, delug'd by the Foam,
The ſhip ſinks foundting in the vaſt A- (byſs.

THE IV. SATYR OF BOYLEAU,

TO Mr. *W. R.*

BElieve me *Will*, that they who have leaſt Senſe,
Think they to Wiſdom have the ſole Pre-tence.
And

And that thoſe Wretches, who in *Bedlem* are,
Deſerve it leſs, than thoſe, who put 'em there.

The haughty Pedant ſwoln with the froathy (Name,
Of Learning, and big with his claſſic Fame.
A Thouſand Books Reads o're and o're again,
Do's word for word moſt perfectly retain,
Heap'd in the *Lumber-Office* of his Brain.
Yet this cramb'd Scull, this Indigeſted Maſs,
Do's very often prove an arrant Aſs.
Believes all knowledge is to Books confin'd,
That reading only can inform the Mind.
That Sence muſt Err and Reaſon ramble wide,
If ſacred *Ariſtotle* been't their Guide.
Whilſt on the other hand a fluttering Thing,
With a full Roul and three Pil'd Cravat ſtring,

Whoſe

Whoſe Life's a Viſit, who alone takes care,
To ſay fine things, write Songs and Court the Fair.
Laughs at the Muſty Precepts of the School,
Calls the Learned Writer an Authentick Fool;
Swears that all Learning is a thing unfit,
For well bred Perſons, or for Men of Wit.
Names proper only for the Sparks o' th' Town,
And Damns the Schollar to his Colledge Gown.

The fiery Bigot vainly do's believe,
His bantring Zeal can Heav'n it ſelf deceive.
With Saint-like looks the fooliſh Croud do's blind,
And Jilts by pious Frauds all humane kind.

Whilſt the wild Libertine that beaſt of Prey,
Who bears down all that ſtops him in his way.

Ranges

Ranges o'er all, and takes his Savage fill,
In the wide Foreſt of a boundleſs Will.
Swears that Heav'ns Joys, and Hells Eternal (Pain,
Are the ſick Dreams of a diſtemper'd Brain.
Tales fit for Children, a meer holy jeſt,
To ſtarve the People, and to glut the Prieſt.

The ſharpeſt Satyriſt with Poetick Rage,
Strives to reform the Vices of the Age.
Laughs at the Fool, and at the Villain Rails,
Yet Folly thrives and Villiany prevails.
Whilſt the crack'd Scull ſhews all that has been (ſaid,
Leaves Marks on nothing but the Poets head.
For partial Man try'd by himſelf alone,
Proteſting every Judgment but his own:
Severe to all Men, to himſelf too kind,
Sees others Faults, but to his own is Blind.

The ſordid Miſer, a meer lump of Clay,
Form'd into Man, e're from its groſs ally,
It was Refin'd by the Soul's Heav'nly Ray:
Whoſe thirſt of Wealth encreaſes with his ſtore,
And to Spend leſs, do's covet to have more:
Who *Midas* like, to feed his Avarice,
Starves in th' Injoyment of a Golden wiſh:
Thinks himſelf Wiſe, boaſts of being provident,
And downright Starving calls good Manage-
(ment.

The Love of Wealth is Madneſs, and I hate
The very trouble of a great Eſtate.
'Tis perfect Dirt cries the vain Prodigal,
Mad till 'tis gone, and when he has Spent all,
The Beggar'd Fool calls himſelf Liberal.

Now

Now weigh 'em both, and tell me, if you can,
Which of the two ſeems the moſt prudent Man ?
The Gameſter Swears both ſhou'd in *Bedlam* be,
That Fortune-monger Maddeſt of the three.
Whoſe Life, whoſe Soul, whoſe very Heav'n is (Play,
At which the Bubble throws 'em all away:
Who ev'ry Moment waits his Deſtiny,
From the uncertain Running of a Die:
And if he chance to Loſe, then how he ſtares,
Then how the Fury with his Briſtled hairs
Curſes his Fate, Earth, Hell, and Heav'n de- (ſies,
And with Oaths heap'd on Oaths he ſtorms the (Skies.

I cou'd name Thouſands more, but to draw (all
The ſhapes of this Falſe reas'ning Animal

Wou'd be as hard as Numbring all that die,
Each ſpring and fall by P—— and *Mercury*.
Or ſay how oft th' Impatient Heir to have
The old Mans Wealth, has wiſh'd him in his (Grave.

A druggery ſo great, my Pen declines,
Content to Sum up all in theſe four Lines.

Greece Boaſts ſeven Sages, but the Story (Lyes,
For the whole World ne'er ſaw one truly (Wiſe:
All Men are Mad, and the ſole difference
Lies in the more, or leſs degree of Sence.

On

ON THE

Diſpenſary.

OPpreſt with want, and ſinking under Pain,
Neglected Poverty long groan'd in vain;
Till from the Manſions of Eternal Reſt,
Galen deſerv'dly numberd with the bleſt,
Beheld the lingring ſtate of Man below,
And generouſly reſolv'd to eaſe his Woe.
Then quick, as thought he left the bright Abodes,
And ſhot like Lightning through the yielding Clouds.

His Head was Crown'd with venerable Gray,
His Looks had all the Verdant youth of *May*.
Large was his Form, Majeſtic was his Air,
And ſomething more, than Man did in each Grace (appear.
This ſhape aſſum'd, the pious Spirit ſeeks
The Sons of Art, and in this Language ſpeaks:
" Shall Phyſic's ſacred Art, my Friends, be (mad
" By ſordid mercenary Minds a Trade.
" Shall Natures Bounty be to few confin'd,
" Which for the Uſe of all was firſt Deſign'd.
" The Rich alone, are the Phyſicians Care,
" Whilſt Poverty muſt Periſh thro' Deſpair.
" At this he paus'd, and ſaid how long in vain,
" Shall Want Intreat, and Miſery Complain.
Then Diſappeared.
The Members now with fear and horror ſtill,
Ponder'd his Speech, and ſought their Patrons Will.

Which

Which juſtly was obſerv'd as ſoon as known,
Such quick obedience to the Sage was ſhown.
Strait they reſolv'd t'uphold the common Cauſe,
And ſo the fam'd *Diſpenſary* aroſe.
Which in his daily Journey round the Sky,
When *Phœbus* ſpy'd, with his all-ſeeing Eye,
A ſudden Pleaſure ſeiz'd his Raptur'd Mind,
And lo! the joyful God with double Glory (ſhin'd.
Soon as he reach'd the Celebrated ſtream,
Which every ſtarving Scribler makes his (Theam,
He beckon'd to a Muſe, and bid the Fair,
To artful *Garth*, with ſpeed theſe orders bear;
In nervous Numbers, let him firſt Impart
The long myſterious Progreſs of his Art:
Thus in each juſt and weighty Line he'll ſhew,
A skilful Poet, and Phyſician too.

With keeneſt Satyr let him next diſcloſe,
The wretched Craft and weak Efforts of thoſe
Who durſt the Pious Faculties Deſigns oppoſe.
No more ſhall *Colon*'s Counterfeited Zeal,
With grave Pretence his Pious Frauds Conceal:
Nor *Horoſcope*'s falſe mien ſhall longer ſhrowd
His Ignorance; nor cheat the wondring Crowd:
But his neglected Myſteries He ſhall grieve,
And doom'd to Univerſal ſcorn ſhall Live:
Then *Naſſaw*'s wondrous Triumphs he ſhall Sing
And every Subject worthy ſuch a King:
In the firſt Rank, the Graceful Peer ſhall Stand
In Manners Courteous, though his Looks Com-
(mand.
Engaging Graces on his Actions wait,
None finds leſs Faults, though none more Delicate.
His powerful Words in pleaſing Accents fall;
A *Lewis* he, and *Chattsworth a Verſtile*:

Next

Next him the Harmonious Stateſman muſt be (plac'd,
Next him with *Cæſar*'s ſmiles and honours Grac'd,
The Glories of our Art on him Depend,
The Poets Patron, and the Muſes Friend.
But oh! what praiſe can reach thoſe lofty ſtrains,
Which paint *Naſſaw* in Dire *Hibernia*'s Plains:
How calmly on the Banks of *Boyne* he ſtood,
And Plung'd like *Ammon* firſt into the Flood.
Surprizing Thoughts in various Numbers ſhine
With Judgment, Force and Fire in every Line.
In view of Conqueſt, in Purſuit of Fame,
Ev'n *William* Scarcely felt a brighter Flame,
So well the Poet's ſuited to the Theam.
Then let him tell how Prodigal of Blood
Thoſe gallant Hero's were, that Bravely ſtood,
Preferring to their own *Britannia*'s Good.

And how much to thoſe Senators we owe
That baffle buiſy Factions, as they grow;
By him Recorded Each ſhall ſee his Name,
Nor can Ambition wiſh a nobler Fame.
The Charming Females muſt not be paſt by
No Muſe's Son can want a Lover's Eye.
Whom ere he Sings may ſafely ſcorn the Rage
Of Envious Sickneſs, and more Envious Age.
Th' Eternal bloom, which Nature muſt deny,
His never fading Praiſes will Supply.
Yet what he Writes may even the niceſt Fair
Claim without Vanity, and Bluſhleſs hear.
Thus ſpoke the God, the Muſe with ſpeed prepar'd
To bear the Meſſage to the honoured Bard.
Amaz'd he heard what e'er the Goddeſs ſaid,
And with a joyfull Readineſs obeyed.
Proud of the Work, *Apollo* bleſt his Son,
And own'd his Expectations were out-done.

SONG.

SONG.

BY THE

HONOURABLE

W. Wh----n Eſq.

I.

AH! blame not me, if no deſpair
A Paſſion, you inſpire can end!
Nor think it ſtrange, too charming Fair,
If Love, like other Flames aſcend.

If

If to approach a Saint, with Pray'r,
Unworthy Votaries pretend.
Above all merit *Heav'n*, and *You*
To the ſincere alone are due.

2.

Long did Reſpect aw my proud Aim,
And Fear t' offend the Madneſs cover;
Like You it ſtill reproves my Flame,
And in the *Friend* wou'd hide the *Lover*.
But by things that want a Name,
I the too bold Truth diſcover;
My Words in vain are in my pow'r,
My Looks betray me ev'ry hour.

ADVICE

ADVICE TO A LOVER.

By Mr. YALDEN.

I.

FOR many unſucceſsful Years,
At *Cynthia*'s Feet I lay;
Batt'ring them often with my Tears;
I ſigh'd, but durſt not pray.

No

No proſtrate Wretch before the ſhrine,
Of ſome lov'd Saint above;
Ere thought his Goddeſs more Divine,
Or paid more awful Love.

2.

Still the disdainful Nymph look'd down,
With coy inſulting Pride;
Receiv'd my Paſſion with a Frown,
Or turn'd her head aſide.

Then *Cupid* whiſper'd in my Ear,
Uſe more prevailing Charms;
You modeſt whining Fool, draw near,
And claſp her in your Arms.

With

3.

With eager Kiſſes tempt the Maid,
From *Cynthia*'s Feet depart;
The Lips he briskly muſt invade,
That wou'd poſſeſs the heart.
With that I ſhook off all theSlave,
My better Fortunes try'd;
When *Cynthia* in a moment gave,
What ſhe for years denied.

TO

TO

ORINDA ABSENT.

By *W. P.* Esq;

WHence do's this Tumult in my Brain (proceed,
Which all the Pangs of parting Life (exceed?
Orinda left her Slave! and yet I Live!
What else but she can such Disorders give?

I find it now, my Muſe is on the Wing,
And follows her, for whom alone ſhe'd ſing.
She now diſdains her Wretched Stupid Son,
My Life, my Soul, are with *Orinda* gone.
I ſink, and unharmonious are my Strains
Meanly I write, for I to write take Pains.
My Muſe inſpiring I durſt ſay I Love;
And tho' I fail'd her flinty Breaſt to move,
Yet thy ſmooth Numbers cou'd prevent a Frown,
By thee forſook, my Love I dare not own.
'Tis now Preſumption even to deſpair
For that implies I ſtill adore the Fair.
Stay Goddeſs! Refuge of my tortur'd Mind!
No eaſe but from thy ſoothing Voice I find.
Obdurate Power! ſince you refuſe to ſtay,
Firſt to *Orinda* my ſad Thoughts convey.
For Ah! *Orinda* deaf to all I ſaid,
Orinda's gone, that Fair, but cruel Maid.

First say how at her Absence I repine,
And thee and Life, I will at once resign!
I keep thee only to impart my Grief,
And for her only wou'd preserve my Life.
Tell her insipid now all former Joys are grown,
How *Strephon* does the Fair *Orinda*'s Absence mourn.

2.

To ease my Sorrows, I repair to Court,
Where Good, and Bad promiscuously resort.
Some for Reward, and some to be preferr'd;
Ambition's Slaves, how numberless the Herd!
Those wait whole Ages, Servilely Obey,
T'insult Humility but one poor Day.
The Sons of *Mars*, in Winter Camps grown Old,
In Courts, than when the Breach is Storm'd, less bold.

Hither repair, here ſhew their Ghaſtly Scars,
And ſeek Rewards for all the Toyls of Wars.
Here Patriots, on their Countries Good intent,
Adviſe for future Peace, impending Ills prevent.
The grov'ling Paraſites here Patrons ſeek
Cowards, or Brave, the Inſolent, or Meek.
They flatter all, nor can ſo fulſom prove,
But Fools to hear nay to reward can move.
Here true deſert which Evil Stars depreſs
From Royal Bounty humbly ſeeks Redreſs.
Here all repair, here all are happy found,
And Pleaſure, Peace and Plenty here abound.
Tell her all former Joys, the Court is taſtleſs (grown,
How *Strephon* does the Chaſt *Orinda*'s Abſence (mourn.

3.

The Theatre where once I took Delight,
Now in my Breaſt no Paſſion can excite:

Nor ſighs nor Pity riſe from Tragic Scenes;
Trifles they ſeem to my far greater Pains:
Concern for others Ills, is by my own deſtroy'd,
For all my Sorrow's on my ſelf employ'd:
So empty'd in the Sea, the large Extent
Of rapid Streams is loſt, their Rage is ſpent.
Not Penitential Converts at their Death,
Do more deteſt an Atheiſt's impious Breath,
Than when o'er preſs'd thus with deſpair I ſee
The fordid, trifling Mirth of Comedy:
How Ladies of ſuch beauteous form appear,
They're forc'd t' Acknowledge one another Fair.
Tho' here *Apollo* ſeems to be enthron'd,
And all the Graces do the God ſurround.
Tell her unmov'd I ſee, unmov'd I hear,
I hate all ſounds, and loath'd all forms appear.

Tell

Tell her all former Joys, that Plays are tastless grown,
That *Strephon* does the Fair *Orinda*'s Absence mourn.

4.

Now in the Park I walk, where I descrie
All that can Charm or can allure the Eye,
Cool Streams, and Shady Groves, and Verdant Fields,
Yet this Variety no Pleasure yields:
Here Palaces the tim'rous Deer Encloſe
Circl'd by Noise they live in soft repose:
Here rich *Amyntas* does fair *Iris* find,
Here *Cælia* proves to Young *Alexis* kind,
Here gay *Menalcas* does *Cælinda* meet,
And *Damon* here expires at *Cynthia*'s Feet.
All pleas'd; alone dejected is my Air,
For ah! my Lov'd *Orinda* is not there!

Tell her insipid now all former Joys are grown,
How *Damon* does the Chast *Orinda*'s Absence
(mourn.

5.

Then next from Friends, and Wine I seek Relief,
They seldom fail to mitigate our Grief!
Insipid are my Friends, pall'd is my Wine,
While they rejoice I at my fate repine.
In them Mirth, Wit, good Nature overflow,
I silent sit, and seem to all a Foe,
Wine I refuse, or the cool Chrystal Flood,
Tho' parch'd, and dry, a Fever in my Blood.
Tell her insipid now all former Joys are grown,
How *Strephon* does the Fair *Orinda*'s Absence
(mourn.

6.

Nay even Musick grates, seems harsh to me,
Unless *Orinda* shou'd the Subject be.

Unless

Unless her praise in every Note appears,
Apollo wou'd himself make Discord in my Ears.
In thee alone, my Muse is my delight;
We can converse of her each Day, each Night.
While my first Thoughts confus'd in Chaos are,
I give the wild Abortive to thy Care.
Nourish'd by thee, and molded into Form,
It thus presumes *Orinda*'s Breast to Storm.
Thus says insipid now all former Joys are grown
That *Strephon* does the fair *Orinda*'s Absence mourn.

THE Strowlers Prologue AT CAMBRIDGE.

IN early Days ere Prologues did begin,
E're Wit cou'd laugh, or Satyr learnt to grin.
Fools were not shewn, and Knaves had leave to sin.

A Purse proud Coxcomb with an empty Brain
Lay hid in Lacquer'd Coach and gawdy Train,
The Hypocrite cou'd pass without suspicion;
A formal Fool stood for a Politician,

Sycho

Sychophants safely earn'd their daily Bread;
Cuckolds were slily made, and nothing said:
Matrons cou'd go to Church and pray demurely
And in that vizor Masque sin more securely.
Prelates supinely broach'd their new opinions,
And never dream't of being call'd *Socinians*.
Patriots took Bribes, and fear'd no Defamation
Till the plain dealing Prologue came in Fa-
(shion.
Prologues the Scourge of Vice, and Tell troths
(of the Nation.
Pulpits may boast the Form, but want the Force
To turn the Stream of Vices rapid course.
How dares a Parson that expects to rise,
In Presence of his Patron preach down Vice?
Or Bishops vote, or pray with true Devotion,
While they have Hopes from Court o'th' next
(Promotion?

The

The Lawyer Scorns by honest Means to drudge,
When he on easier Terms may be a Judge.
The Collonel boldly runs away for Fear,
While he is sure 'twill be forgot next year
And he may then become a Brigadier.
The Pathic execrable gold-finding Rogue
Wou'd sin without a Blush and grow in Vogue.
Active and passive Villanies abound,
If honest Satyr did not keep its ground:
Coercive Satyr, which with Feet and Claws
Supplies the Frailty of expiring Laws,
And draws its Pen in Truths declining Cause.
Strangers wou'd ear our Bread, and Coin our Money,
Palm Stum'd and Clary Politics upon ye
And into doomsday Debts securely run ye.
French Privateers with impudent Grimaces
Wou'd take your Men of War before your Faces.

Du Bart

Du Bart wou'd Reign, and Spread the narrow (Seas,
And raise your Coals to any Price he please:
Our Maritime Dominion wou'd be lost
Our Laws be dumb, the Rable rule the Roast,
If Satyr did not grin, and groul, and guard the (Coast.

On

ON A LADY Dress'd for a Ball at Court.

By Sir *H. H.*

SO the fair Goddess first approach'd the shoar,
So bright she look'd, such Jewels then she wore,
And yet tho' deck'd with the rich Seas supplies,
Dim they appear'd out-shone by her bright Eyes.
And thus the Tritons flock'd about and gaz'd,
Much at her Gems, more at her form amaz'd.

They

They ne'er before a ſight ſo dazling met,
Not tho' the Sun does in the Ocean Set.
Proteus with wonder did his Flock forſake,
To ſee the only Shape he cou'd not take.
Charm'd with thoſe thouſand Beauties in her Face,
He like a Pearl ſupply'd a pendant's Place
There unperceiv'd he might his Love reveal,
Nor cou'd ſhe move, but he a Kiſs wou'd Steal.
Might I but once obtain his Changing Pow'r,
I wou'd renounce all Joys Life had in ſtore,
To be ſo bleſt for one ſhort Happy Hour.

By

By Sir *FLEETWOOD SHEPHERD.*

To Her Majestick mighty Mistress.

The ——— *all in Distress.*

YOur lean Petitioner sheweth humbly
That the most virtuous Lady——
Looks like Plenty Plump, and Comely.
That the Spouse of Noble———
Sleek as Mill-Mouse keeps her Carcass,
And is more Fat, than Buck in Park is.

While She, poor She with Heart that's aking,
Hears the People oft mistaking,
Her for Hen, and them for Bacon.

But

But there's a Nut from *Indian* Air,
Keeps all that feed on't freſh and Fair;
Each Squirrel's bigger than a Bear.

Monſieur J—— with Milling ſtick here,
Each Morning puts it into Liquor,
Ale is not more belov'd by *Vicar*.

Cou'd She a Pound or two but purloin,
Your Sparerib then wou'd look like Sir-Loin;
Thus Your Petitioner ends her Line.

And She ſhall certainly endeavour,
While Maids wear Hoods, and Men wear Bea-
(ver,
To pray for ever and for ever.

SONG.

SONG.

Corinna cost me many a Pray'r,
E're I her Heart cou'd gain;
But she Ten Thousand more shou'd hear,
To take that Heart again.

Despair I thought the greatest Curse,
But to my cost I find,
Corinna's Constancy still worse,
Most cruel when too kind.

How blindly then does *Cupid* carve?
How ill divide the Joy?
Who does at first his Lovers starve,
And then with plenty Cloy.

THE

The Fair Stranger.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

HAppy and free, securely blest,
No Beauty cou'd disturb my Rest;
My Amorous Heart was in Despair
To find a new Victorious Fair.
'Till you descending on our Plains,
With Forrain Force renew my Chains.
Where now you rule without Controul,
The mighty Soveraign of my Soul.
Your Smiles have more of Conquering Charms,
Than all your Native Countries Arms;

Their Troops we can expel with Ease
Who vanquish only when we please.
But in your Eyes, oh! there's the spell
Who can see them, and not Rebell?
You make us Captives by your stay,
Yet kill us if you go away.

TO

CÆLIA,

Against HONOUR.

You tell me *Celia* you approve,
Yet never must return my Love.
An Answer, that my hopes destroys,
And in the Cradle wounds our Joys.
To kill at Once, what needs must die,
None wou'd to Birds and Beasts deny.

How

How can you then ſo cruel prove
To torture thus the Thing you Love?
That Beauty Nature kindly meant,
For her own Pride, and our content.
Why ſhou'd the Tyrant Honour make
Our greateſt Torment? Let us break
His Yoke, and that baſe Pow'r diſdain,
Which only keeps the Good in Pain!
In Love, and War, th' Impoſtor does
The Beſt to greateſt Harms expoſe.
Come then my *Celia* let's no more
This *Dæmon* for a God adore.
Like fooliſh *Indians* we have been,
Whoſe whole Religion is a Sin.
If we the Laws of Love had kept,
And not in Dreams of Honour Slept,
Oh! He wou'd ſurely long e'r this
Have crown'd us with the higheſt Bliſs.

Our Joy had then been, as compleat,
As now our Folly has been great.
Let's loose no Time then, but repent,
Love welcomes best a Penitent.

The Answer.

THirsis I wish as well as you,
To Honour there were nothing due.
Then wou'd I pay my debt of Love,
In the same Coin, that you approve.
Which now you must in Friendship take,
'Tis all the Payment I can make.
Friendship so high that I must say,
'Tis rather Love, with some Allay.
And rest Contented, since that I,
As well my self, as you deny.

Learn

Learn then of me Bravely to bear
The want of what you hold most dear.
And that, which Honour does in me,
Let my Example work in thee.

A

SATYR.

S 3 Against

Against Avarice,

A

SATYR.

Quo mihi Fortuna si non conceditur uti
Pauper ob Heredis curam, nimisq; severus
Assidet insano. &c. Hor.

To *PHIL. HARMAN*, Esq;

WHo laugh at vertue, yet secure of Fame,
Fear more the Fools, than Knaves opprobrious Name,
They with false Maxims colour o're their Vice,
And think the fraudful Hypocrite is Wise.

But

But we shall find, that by right Reason's Rule
The Avaritions Knave, must be a Fool.
That he's a Fool is easie to be shown,
For wise men move by Reason, he by None.

I'll pass then by the oppressions, and the Cries
Of Widows, Orphans, ruin'd Families;
I'll urge no Trust betraid, nor Masters Sold,
To swell th' enormous Heap of useless Gold.
These I'll omit as things not worth his Care,
While to the Croud he can the vizor wear,
Of Saint like Cant, and loud Impiety of Prayer.
Tho Common Nature, and the Rights of Kind
(For mutual Love and mutual Help design'd)
These more, than *Stygian* Cruelties disclaim,
As Sacrilegious Breach of our great Founders Aim.
Yet let us pass the Crime, and Weigh the Sense,
The Lust of Cunning, that perswades th' Offence.

(*Cunning*, whose Crooked Labarinths but lead
To Constant Cares, Anxietys and Dread:
Cunning, that all our Innocence destroys,
Devotes to Pain our Life, makes insincere our (Joys.)
For winnow well his Means, and End, you'l find
Disquiet to himself, and Wrong to all Mankind.
With Pain he Labours to encrease his Store,
His Store encreas'd, yet still he covets More,
In plenty Starves, and midst his Baggs is poor.
Fondly he rolls old *Sysiphus* his Stone,
Raises with boodless Toyl, what rais'd must tum- (ble down.
Still in the Chace of what he'l ne'r attain,
The flying Quarry he pursues in vain.
His thirsty Wishes still his Aim destroy,
With vanishing Hopes amus'd, and visionary Joy.
Pleasure he boasts as his peculiar Scope,
But 'tis the *Ignis fatuus* of deluded Hope.

Thro

Thro' certain Griefs, t' uncertain Joys he tends,
Foolish his Means, irrational his Ends.
And this we find, that by right Reasons Rule,
The avaritious Knave must be a Fool.

Who to erroneous Ends are led, or none,
Are Fools alike, and Act by chance alone.
The Machine Miser knows no certain Aim,
Or What Right Reason will as false disclaim.
For to what End this Pother does he keep?
Why rob his Days of Peace? why rob his Nights (of Sleep?
Why to the Joys of Life no hour allow?
But under Bondage Voluntary bow,
And with too early Furrows plow his anxious (Brow?
By choice, Alas! he tills a barren Soil,
For heap on heap to pile's the Aim of all his Toil.

The

The wiser Emmet labours not in vain,
Her foodfull Burthens justifie her pain.
She never drudges with a Useless Load,
And lumbers not her provident Abode.
The Summer Suns to gather Stores sh' employs
Which in the Winter Storms she still enjoys.
The early Bee, his waxen Home forsakes,
Around the Meads his airy Journy takes,
And late returns, nor till his thighs are fill'd
With the Sweet Pillage of the flowry Field,
Each day his painful Industry renews,
But 'tis for Food he works, he toils for things of use.
The Miser, much less provident, than these,
Tuggs at a Useless Load, profuse of Ease:
For what he ne'r enjoys he murders all his Peace.
The Curs'd *Belides* in this wretch revive,
And strive again to fill their leaky Sieve.

Thus

Thus we ſtill find, that by right Reaſons Rule
The avaritious Knave muſt be a Fool.

Oh' but you'l ſay he's not ſo much to blame
Since all his Care at Happineſs does aim.
That's but a Feint, a vain deluſive Sound,
For Bliſs ſtill flies him, like Enchanted Ground.
In this alone true Happyneſs you'l find,
In a ſound Body, a ſound Virtuous mind:
To have what ere our little Needs require,
Uncumberd with Exceſs, untortur'd with Deſire.
Gentle the ſoft Emotions of the Heart,
No Pain, but what more Pleaſure will impart:
Kind Nature offers All, this eaſie Bliſs,
Induſtrious Virtue ſtill may compaſs this.
But he, this honeſt Road, with care will ſhun,
It is too plain, too eaſie, too well known,
And brings him to his Journies end too ſoon.

Thro'

Thro' Paths perplex'd, and intricate he'll stray,
Proud of the gloomy Errors of his Dusky way.
Prepostrous *Cunning* fools his wandring Sense,
And will, to feed false Cares, still furnish a Pre-
(tence.
He squanders Life to heap forbidden Store,
And to die Rich, lives miserably Poor;
Poor, for he proves the wild Extreams of Want,
As well in what he has, as what he han't.
With thirsty Eyes he views the refluent Flood,
With hungry Looks devours the flying Food.
Deny'd to Taste the Fruit of all his Pains,
Empty our Fated *Tantalus* remains.
If Happyness indeed he does pursue,
He has the Pow'r, let him be Happy now:
For he, that is not happy while he may,
But puts it off to an uncertain Day,

That

That ne'r may come, by Reaſons faultleſs Rule.
Muſt, like our thoughtleſs Miſer be a Fool.

True—but your Off-ſpring challenges your Care,
To make that happy, you no Pains ſhou'd ſpare:
But to do that, there is no need that you,
The injurious Arts of Knavery purſue:
Oppreſs the Poor, and make the weak your Prey,
And your Incautious, truſting Friend betray.
Leave, leave your Children Virtue, lawleſs gains
But clog their Happyneſs with golden Chains,
And looſe them what, ev'n Poverty obtains;
Content of Mind, and Intervals of Eaſe,
To little Stores the Promiſe of Encreaſe.

Simo, for Wealthy Poverty renownd,
Worthy his Life a fatal Exit found.
Fanatic Faith his Inclinations choſe,
That buſie Faith and he cou'd not be Foes.

Their

Their Pulpit-Cant his Conscience ne'r alarm'd,
Averse to Morals, all his Soul it charm'd:
Industrious Usury never there was Damn'd,
Or Charitable Deeds, with Zeal, Proclaim'd.
Christ's own Commands, from thence are rarely (Taught,
But in Apocolyptic Night the day is sought:
Mysterious Texts, more darkly they Recount,
But still forget the Sermon on the Mount.
At morning Lectures none more seen, than he,
For many Trusts he ow'd this Form of Sanctity:
Much he declaim'd against the Sinful Age,
And was a very *Collier* 'gainst the Stage.
He feard that Scourge, and hated what he feard,
For there of Knaves expos'd, and Hypocrites (he'd heard:
And shou'd the Doctrines of the Stage prevail,
Hypocrisie and Usury must Fail.

Expensive

Expenſive Vices found him ſtill ſevere,
While frugal Crimes his Anger never fear.
At decent Dreſs as ſinful Pomp he rav'd,
And held, that Slovens only cou'd be ſav'd.
For fear of Charge he ſtill declin'd a Wife,
Secure of Chidren in a ſingle Life.
An aged Sifter well ſupply'd that place,
Twin to her Brother's both in Form and Grace,
The only Relicks of their ſordid Race.
A lonely Hovel is their poor Retreat,
Plac'd where two ſhoars in ſooty Channels meet,
And round the wooden Walls their ſtenchy
(Billows beat.
Within, one tripod ſtool, one broken Chair,
One Bed, one Board receive the griezly Pair.
Large bellying Cobwebs from the Tiles depend,
And Cowdung fires the Winter Colds amend.

No

No Tapers here recruit departing Light
But their hard Bed still knows them, when 'tis (Night.
One shatter'd Dish serves up each frugal Meal,
And in an antique Horn their Drink they fill.
The Pris'ners Basket finds their daily Bread
(But when they on some wretched Debtor feed)
The Chilling Streams wash down their homly (Cheer,
Tho' he sometimes debaches in Small Beer.
The Sifters Garb, obscenely patch'd and Old,
Is Scarce Defence sincere against the Cold.
At home, for him the Rugg forsakes the Bed,
While woolen greasie Caps involve his head.
Abroad t' loose and sable Coat he wears,
Thro' which no secret Rag to sight appears:
He knows no Linnen but one formal Band,
While beugle Cuffs fall dangling ore each (Hand

To

To a ſhort Cane his trembling Shoulders bow,
And a broad Hat o're ſhades his hoary Brow.
Pale Care, and Want you viſibly may trace
Thro' ev'ry Furrow of his anxious Face.
O Fool! why thro' ſo many Widows Tears,
So many Orphans Cries, and proper Fears,
Thus Strugleſt thou, to gain, at laſt, no more
By all thy Toil, than what thou had'ſt before?
Pow'rful of Bleſſings, yet poſſeſs'd of none,
In others Ruin, thou involv'ſt thy own.
The Racks and Tortures, their Misfortunes find,
Still leave a Sting, within their Cauſe, behind,
Like Old Mens Luſt; for tho' the Punk's not Coy,
They Still are curs'd with Impotence of Joy.

At length a trifling Loſs alarms his fears,
(For thoſe encreaſe in Miſers with their Years)

In haſt he now calls in his breeding Gold,
His lov'd Extorſion can't one Bagg with-hold.
In ſecret Caves, far from revealing Light,
It now reviſits its own genial Night.
Yet there unſafe he thinks it till alone,
And tells his Sifter, that ſhe muſt be gone.
The fearful Tydings Strook the Crone nigh dead,
Trembl'd each Limb, and quicker ſhook her head,
A livi'd Foam betwixt her Gums ſhe Churns,
And her wan Face with raging fury burns:
Fell Curſes now, then kind Reproaches hung
Succeſſively upon her faultring Tongue.
Both proving fruitleſs, down ſhe ſits and Cries,
And Scalding Rheum o'reflows her Blood-ſhot Eyes.
Unmov'd the Miſer Stands, with Rage, or Grief,
Fear kept him fixt, and ſhut out all Relief,
She muſt be gone at the Approach of Light,
All ſhe cou'd gain was there to reſt that Night.

Ap-

Appeas'd in Shew, Revenge her Mind revolves,
And with one Blow to ſeize her Hopes reſolves.
Of all his Gold, ſo long the promis'd Heir,
If now ſhe went from thence, ſhe muſt deſpair.
Thus for that Gold, he never us'd, he bleeds:
A Fate becoming of his former Deeds.
Now at the poſtern Door, in act ſhe ſtood,
To plunge the Body in the ambient Mud:
Cruſh'd by her Weight, ev'n as her Guilt re-
(quires
She tumbling headlong in the Filth expires.

Sure none will doubt but that, by Reaſon
(Rule,
This Avaritious *Simo* was a Fool.
All Miſers Sin not in this vile Exceſs,
Yet all the happy Goal of Right tranſgreſs.
Of thee, O! *Harman* let them learn to live
And know the Joys, that Wit and Wine can give.

ON

The Cessation of the TAX ON MAULT

NEer did our English Senate know
The Subjects Property till now.
Ne'er cou'd they tell, where, and how far
The PeoplesRights extended are.
For Peers may Stretch, and Spread their Reign
O're Clarer, Sherry or Champaign,

Bu

But *Meaner Tipple*, and ſtrong Beer,
Fall always to the Commons ſhare.
Tho' *Neptune* all the Ocean Sways,
And Spreads his Power O'er all the Seas,
The God his Brooks, and meaner Waves.
To buxſom Nymphs, and tippling Tritons leaves.
Ev'n *Magna Charta* muſt allow
That Ale was Still the Subjects due.
A legal Liquor, that ne'r meant,
Ill to the King or Goverment.
And tho' the Drink it ſelf had ne'r
Took Oaths, it prompted all to Swear.
With this when oft the Glaſs was Crown'd,
Firſt mighty *William*'s Health went round.
The Beer it ſelf conſenting was,
Smil'd at the Health and flowr'd within the Glaſs.
Ingrateful Senate to oppreſs
A Subject, that confirms, like this.

What has the harmless Creature done?
Thus to be doubly tax'd like a non-con?
When Landlady, and Kings and Peers
Do in the Reck'ning all go shares.
Curst Realms, whom want of Liquor does befall!
Or where the Price is great, the measure small!
Unhappy Lands where Kings by Vices gain,
And Thirst of Gold, o're Thirst of Drink does Reign!
How wou'd the Dutch Rebel? how soon revolt,
Shou'd but their States exact a Tax on Mault?
How wou'd that People cease? Their honour sink!
For among fish they live, and learn of them to drink.
But happy *Albion* where each fertile Field
Shall every Year a Drunken harvest yeild:

The

The Smiling Sot ſhall bleſs the riſing Crop,
And free from Tares and Taxes Barley ſhall grow up.
Such was the Golden Age, as this is now
When Nectar did in Common Riv'lets flow.
A puny drink for airy Stomachs made,
That, ſoon as potent Ale began, decay'd.
Ale that can teach the Hero how to fight,
And him, that Sings the Hero, how to write.
This makes the German ſtout, and Dutchman Wiſe,
And Poets knows no *Helicon* like this.
This is the bleſt imprimis of each day,
What e're we do, Come firſt let's drink we ſay.
This mends all Natures Faults, and perfects Man,
To ſome a Soul it lends, to others Brain.
Hence *Albion*'s Fame in wit and Arms aroſe,
He muſt out fight, out ſcribble, who out drinks his Foes.

Bleſt Iſle! where Barly no Exciſe ſhall know,
And new Supply each Year for Pots and Cans (ſhall grow.
The Hogſhead charg'd with pure and potent (Streams,
Shall juſtly claim the Character of *Thames*;
Tho' deep yet Clear, tho' gentle yet not dull,
Strong without Rage, without o'reflowing full.
No muddy Foggs ſhall in the Bumper ſink,
Nor Drawers Art debouch the genuine Drink.
But pure, brisk Ale ſmile in the Topers Face,
And Quinteſſence of Barley crown the Glaſs.
Fill Fill about and drain the running Stream,
For *Naſſau*'s health do's a full Bumper Claim.
Liquor like this muſt certainly invite
Ev'n U—to conform, Make P— a *Williamite*.

SONG.

SONG.

I.

SAy Lovely *Sylvia*, lew'd and fair,
Venus in Face, and Mind,
Why muſt not I that Bounty ſhare
You pour on all Mankind.
That Sun that Shines promiſcouſly
On Prince and Porters Head,
Why muſt it now leave only me
To languiſh in the Shade.

In

II.

In vain you cry you'l Sin no more,
In vain you pray and fast,
You'l ne'r perswade us till Threescore,
That *Sylvia* can be Chast.
When thus affectedly you cant
You'r Such a young Beginner
You make at best an *awkard Saint*,
That are a *Charming Sinner*.

From

From the Italian.

By *JO. TREDENHAM* Eſq;

BEhold the wanton Fly, that plays
In ſome bright Tapers glaring Rays,
Which ſoon o'recome it's feeble Sight,
Too weak to bear ſo Strong a Light.
Depriv'd of Wings the Victim lies
It's Follies needleſs Sacrifice.

2.

Thus dazling Beauty we admire
With Perſian Zeal adore the Fire,

Whoſe

Whose Heat consumes us, as it warms,
(But oh! resistless are it's Charms!)
The Insects and our Fate's the same
And Both are Martyrs to the Flame.

TO

Mr. Granville,

ON HIS

COMEDY.

AS Servile Preachers, who Preferment wait,
At Court, in Sermons dare not laſh the (Great;
The fawning Stage has not our Vices ſhewn,
Or drawn ſo ill, none wou'd the Picture own.
Thy bolder Muſe impartialy, like Fate,
Strikes all, nor ſtop's before the Pallace gate.

No

No pitch of Greatneſs from thy Rage can ſave
The Scarlet Coward, or the Purple Knave.
But ſave thy Muſe, My Friend, for better days,
There hardly now is any Charm in Praiſe.
The Time ſhall come if Poets can preſage,
When happier Stars ſhall rule the Britiſh Stage.
When Peace ſhall Reign, and the good humour'd (Town
Diſolv'd in Pleaſures know not how to frown.
When that Great Patroneſs of Wit, who firſt
Thy riſing Muſe, when young, and tender, Nurſt.
Again the ſhining Circle ſhall adorn,
New Muſes ſhall ariſe, new Bards be born.
That ſhining dame ſhall every Voice engage,
Support, and be the Subject of the Stage.
Then thou ſhalt pay with nobler Ardour fir'd,
The Tribute of that Muſe, ſhe firſt inſpir'd.

Thus

Thus the great *Maro*, while inteſtine Jars
Involv'd the firantic World in civil Wars,
On ſlender Reeds Content with humble Strains
Th'Adventures told of lovely Boys, and Swains;
But when the great *Auguſtus* had appear'd
And with ſoft Peace the drooping Nation cheer'd,
To bolder Tunes his louder Chords he ſtrung,
Then rais'd his Voice and the great *Trojan* Sung.

A

THE

THE RETIREMENT.

ALL flie th' unhappy, and I all wou'd flie,
Knew I but where to go, or how to die.
A Tomb of Sorrow is a dreadful Sight,
No wonder that a moving Grave ſhou'd fright
Abandon'd, helpleſs, and alone I ca[illegible]
From nothing to this World; from Eaſe to Pain
My infant Sighs did the ſmall Fabric ſhake,
As Winds Pen't in when from the Earth they Break,
Which Mortal Men for diſmal Omens take.

'T was

'Twas then alas! by certain Instinct taught,
As if inspir'd by some prophetic Thought,
My Parents fled that World, to which this Wretch they brought.
They fear'd to see what I was Born to prove,
They fled from Youth, from Beauty, and from Love,
But 'twas to meet again in Groves above.
An Assignation justly tim'd, and kept,
The last undaunted went, and boldly leapt
That Gulph of Death her dearer half had past,
Desire of Liberty her Hopes encreas'd;
Love lent her Wings and added to her Haste
But all too Slow, too late she was releas'd.
Too late for me, for had she sooner fled,
She with her own, had burst my twilted Thred;
That Thred, which since the Sisters Wove so Strong
As if they meant to prove their Force was young.

As in the Worlds bright dawn, when ſprightly Life
Was Proof againſt Diſeaſes, Age, and Grief.
Then Men cou'd live in Spight of every dart
That Death cou'd fling, nor fear'd a broken Heart.
But I, who had obſerv'd their Force Decay,
And that each Chance cou'd clear to Death the Way;
From Grief expected long that mournful Eaſe,
And learn't to ſmile at every Pains Encreaſe.
But now alas! thoſe Fatal Hopes decay,
Inſpite of Sorrow I muſt longer Stay;
My Pilgrimage is hard and long the Way.
Too long the Way thro' which I ſtill muſt grieve,
Ah! for what Crime; am I condemn'd to live?
"Elſe thro' th' Abyſs I'd Steer my airy Race,
"And view the Secrets of the boundleſs Space.

"Survey

"Survey those glittering Particles of Light,
"That with dissembled Day supply the Night.
"Thence to the Source of Day direct my wondrous Flight.
"The Hidden Cause of things unknown discrie,
"The Strange Vicissitudes of Earth, of Air, and Sky.
"Why some so prone to change, to some again
"Such firm, and Stedfast, constant Rules Remain
"I wou'd go on but that the towring flight,
"Makes me grow giddy, with the dreadful hight,
"Yes I wou'd forward, and my Voice I'd raise,
"Join with the Sphere's in my Creators Praise,
"In Songs Eternal, and no mortal Lays.
"As 'tis his Will; but who that will can see
"Involv'd in such dark Clouds of Mistery.
We know not what his will commands us here,
Less can we tell our future duty there.

Yes, here I'm lost, for none of all the dead,
Return to tell what a Soul is when fled.
Of what we there will do, we hear may boast,
But there for ought we know All thought is lost.
To live, or Die why should I not submit?
Or why delay My death, or hasten it?
Since all is guided by his boundless Will,
For sure the Soul his Wisdom made, his Pow'r
(continues Still

SONG.

SONG.

THE Pretious hours of flying Youth
Marcella waſt no more,
Fed with vain hopes of Love and Truth,
Which faithleſs *Thirſis* ſwore.
When from thy Arms the Swain is fled,
And veiws thee with diſdain,
'Twill be too late, miſtaken Maid,
Of Falshood to complain.
Can'ſt thou the Cautious fool approve,
Who could deferr his Bliſs?
Can he have felt the pow'r of Love,
Who haſt's not to poſſeſs?

Love

Love Scorns the thinking Sots, and hates
Their Gravity and Reason;
Is always ready, and ne'er waits
Conveniency and Season.
Fly from this lazy lover, fly,
Who lengthens out the Chase;
Whose pleasures in pursuing ly,
And fears too nigh to press.
Marcella vindicate with care
The Empire of your eyes,
The World will think you not so fair,
If *Thirsis* is so wise.

Hera-

Heraclitus.

By Mr. *PRIOR.*

HOwe'r 'tis well that whilst Mankind
Thro' Fate's fantastic Mazes errs,
He can imagin'd Pleasures find,
To Combat against real Fears.

Fancies and Notions we pursue,
Which ne'r had Being but in thought,
And like the doating Artist woo
The Image we our selves have wrought.

Against Experience we believe,
Argue against Demonstration,
Pleas'd that we can our Selves deceive,
And set our Judgment by our Passion.

The hoary Fool, who many Days
Has strugled with continued Sorrow,
Renews his Hope, and blindly lays
The desperate Bett upon to Morrow.

To Morrow comes, 'tis Noon 'tis Night,
The Day like all the former fled,
Yet on he runs to seek Delight
To Morrow till to Night he's Dead.

Our Hopes like towering Falcons aim
At Objects in an airy Height,

But

But all the Pleasure of the Game,
Is afar off to view the Flight.

The worthless Prey but only shows
The joys consisted in the Strife,
What-e'r we take as soon we lose;
In *Homer*'s Riddle, and in Life.

So whilst in feavourish Sleeps we think
We tast what waking we desire,
The Dream is better, than the Drink,
Which onely feeds the Sickly Fire.

To the mind's Eye Things will appear
At distance thro' an artful Glass,
Bring but the flattering Object near,
They're all a senceless-gloomy Mass.

Seeing

Seeing aright we see our Woes,
Then what avails it to have Eyes?
From Ignorance our Comfort flows,
The onely Wretched, are the Wise.

We wearied shou'd lye down in Death;
This cheat of Life wou'd take no more,
If you thought Fame but stinking Breath,
I *Phillis* but a perjur'd Whore.

A LETTER TO Mr. Congreve.

AS Papiſt when his reſtiff Saint,
At home denies his Suit to grant
Trudges away to his, or her ſhrine,
With Nick-Nacks gay to make it more fine,
(For froward Saint above, who'd think it,
Th' appeaſe like Children here, with Trinket)

Hoping

Hoping he never will disgrace
With a denial that dear place.
(For as we love our *Soil natale*,
So they love their *Soil Sepulchrale*)
So often having Sought in vain,
Early and late your Sight to gain.
Waited like Dun, or Court depender,
On Nobleman, or Fortune Mender.
At the great Mid-Wife of the Muses,
Who Judges Head for Cradle Uses:
Whom Academic wits importune,
As Rise of their poetic fortune,
Lo! now on Pilgrimage I am come
From *Brent-ford* Town to Court of *Hampton*.
Whether this be your dear *Samos*
Or any other Place that's famous.
Among the Gods, let this solicite
To waiting friend a speedy visit.

So

So may the Neighb'ring Nymphs adore you,
And when you pleaſe, fall down before you.
All Wives diſtreſs'd invoke your Name,
And diſtant Husbands dread your Fame:
Or if your Worſhip more delight in
Our vows that do affect your Writing.
May *Critic*'s ne'r diſect your Plays,
Provok'd by what they want, your Praiſe,
Nor Poet envy you the Bays.
May *Hiſs* and Catcalls ne'r attaque you
May ſmiles of Boxes ne'r forſake you.
But when you write may you ſtill find
An Audience pleas'd, and Patron kind.
As you to *Bulloks* Strait repair
To find your humble Servant there.

I

A

PASTORAL ELEGY

ON

Mrs. *M.*

By Mr. *O*——

Strephon, Dorinda, and *Floriana.*

Strep. I Ask not lovely Virgins why you weep,
Nor why you shun your pastime and your Sheep?
Nor

Nor wou'd I to you Sorrows bring Relief,
Nor strive to interrupt such lawful Grief;
Nor with unwelcome Joy molest your Hours,
But come to add my Sighs, and Tears to yours.

Flor. Are only Tears to our Misfortunes due,
We look for something more then Sighs from you,
For Sighs and Tears the Meanest Swain can give,
But Men inspir'd have nobler ways to grieve.
In note as mournful as the Voice of Death,
And piercing as *Melania*'s latest Breath.

Dor. *Melania*! oh! *Melania*! there indeed
You touch'd my Heart, and made my Vitals bleed.
Bleed on let all your crimson Fountains flow,
And weep in Tears as bitter as my woe.

Streph.

Strep. This looks too much *Dorinda* like de-
(spair,
Your Troubles seem too boundless for the fair.
Too stormy in your tender Breast they rise,
They swel to Rage, and grow to strong for sighs.
Be calm, *Dorinda*, let your Sorrow keep
One Course like silent Water soft, and Deep.

Dor. This bounded Sorrow looks too much like
(Art,
For who can Reason with a Bleeding Heart.
Such Mournings little with my loss agree,
Melania wou'd not thus have mourn'd for me:
Nor will I thus *Melania*'s Death deplore,
But rage despair, and wish to be no more.

Flo. Nay now *Dorinda* I must blame you too,
We all have lost a Friend as well as you.

A Friend? *Melania* clames a better Name;
And all have cauſe to mourn tho' not the ſame.
Yet all in this ſhou'd our *Melania* mind,
Whoſe Joys and Griefs to Reaſon were Confin'd.

Strep. Thus wou'd our Friend have counſell'd (thus ſhe wept
When thoſe ſhe fondly lov'd for ever ſlept.
And that, ſhe fondly lov'd, we ſadly know;
For elſe alas? ſhe had been living now!
Of her dear Shepherd ſhe was firſt depriv'd
Yet hop't for Comfort whilſt his Image liv'd.
But when the lovely Boy was call'd by Fate
To make her woes inſufferably great.
In Woods and Caves ſhe made her ſilent Moan,
And ſtrove in vain to bear her Ills alone.
Till by the Burthen of her Fate ſuppreſs'd;
She ſunk and ceaſt to live, and ſo had Reſt.

Dor. Cou'd ſilence have the ſame effect on me
My ſuffering ſhou'd from all complaint be free.
Serene like her I'd now appear, and ſtrive;
To ſeem content, and not averſe to live.
But ſince my Pangs are not as great as hers,
They force out Storms of Sighs, and Floods of
Tears.

Flor. Gently *Dorinda* let their Channel flow,
Nor with your uſeleſs Rage encreaſe our Woe,
Let *Strephon* bleſs us with his ſofteſt Lays,
And tune his Lyre to our *Melania*'s praiſe;
With Songs of her the Swain ſhall charm our
Ears
Indulge our Griefs and Entertain our Cares.

Strep. Hear all to whom *Melania* e'r was dear!
Hear me ye Nymphs and all ye ſhepherds hear;
What

What *Strephon* by his Mighty ſorrow mov'd,
Can ſing of her who was ſo much belov'd.
What one that lov'd her much and knew her well
Of one that much deſerves his praiſe can tell
Ye ſacred Muſes who have loſt a Friend,
Inſpire my Lays and teach me to commend.
In notes, that may be worthy of my Song,
That what I wou'd applaud I may not wrong.

Tell me ye Nymphs who knew her infant years:
How much her forward wit begot your fears?
How oft your Mothers ſaid when ſhe was young
She ſeem'd too worthy, to be with us long.
She early ſhow'd the graces of her mind
Where prudent Wit, with pleaſant Wiſdom join'd
To heav'n ſhe paid the ſervices ſhe ow'd
As our firſt Saints, and was not proudly good.

Eaſy and free, yet ever fixt to truth,
She ne'r was ſour like Age, nor vain like Youth.
Her wit diverted thoſe her ſenſe reprov'd,
They fear'd her Juſtice, but her goodneſs lov'd
She Cenſur'd none for ſlight Defects, nor ſought,
Like ſome, with pleaſure, to perceive a Fault.
She pitty'd thoſe whom Error had miſled,
Correcting more by what ſhe did than ſaid.
She choſe her Friends where Nature bid her Chooſe
And thoſe ſhe won ſhe never feard to looſe.
She ſcorn'd the Trifles which employ the Fair,
And things of higheſt Moment were her Care.
Thoſe Hours, which others waſted on their Pride
She with her Books or on her charge employ'd
Decent in Dreſs, yet negligent ſhe ſeem'd
And what the Sex ſo highly priz'd contemn'd.
Secure of Conqueſt by her Worth and Mien,
She won all hearts which ſhe deſir'd to win.

In

In Beauty yet ſhe was but little nice,
Nor ſhot pernicious Glances from her Eyes.
But when their Beams diſperſt themſelves abroad.
The thoughts her Youth inſpir'd her Wiſdom (aw'd:
To him ſhe gave her Heart ſhe unconfin'd,
Diſuſs'd their Luſtre and was fondly kind.
Too fondly kind, as to our coſt we feel,
Theſe Groves had elſe been happy in her ſtill.
We elſe might have enjoy'd the Bleſſing long,
And ſhe been ſtill the Rapture of our Song.
Her Voice the ſweeteſt Muſick we cou'd hear,
Had Charm'd theſe Woods, and Pleaſure ſtill (been here.
Her ſmiles as gratefull as the morning Rays
Had bleſs'd our Medows ſtill and grac'd our (Plays
Her humour pleaſant as the Face of Spring,
Had made theſe Valleys with rejoicings ring.

But now her Voice is huſh'd her ſmiles are fled
Her humour loſt and all the plains are ſad.
The Praiſe we ow'd her, we muſt pay her Fame
And teach the Age to come to bleſs her Name.
Her Image in our Hearts we all will keep,
'Till memory is loſt in endleſs Sleep.

Con-

Concerning Unnatural Flights IN POETRY.

By the Honorable *George Granvil* Eſq;

As when ſome Image, of a charming face,
In living Paint, An Artiſt tries to trace
He carefully conſults, each beauteous line,
Adjuſting to his Object, his deſign;
We Praiſe the Peice, And give the Painter Fame,
But as the bright reſemblance, ſpeaks the Dame.

Poets, are Limners of another kind,
To copy out, Idæas in the Mind,
Words are the paint, by which their thoughts are (known;
And Nature is their Object, to be drawn;
The written Picture, we applaud, or blame,
But as the juſt proportions, are the ſame.

Who, driven with ungovernable fire,
Or void of Art, beyond theſe bounds aſpire,
Gygantick forms, and monſtrous Births alone
Produce, which Nature ſhockt, diſdains to own
By true reflection, I would ſee my face,
Why brings the Fool, a magnifying Glaſs?
Obj. (1.) But Poetry in Fiction takes delight,
And mounting up, in Figures out of Sight,
Leaves Truth behind, in her audacious (flight:

(2) Fables, and Metaphors, that always lie,
(3) And bold Hyperboles, that ſoar ſo high,
And every Ornament of Verſe muſt die.

Anſ. Miſtake me not — No Figures I exclude,
And but forbid Intemperance, not Food.
Who would with care, ſome happy Fiction frame,
So mimicks Truth, it looks the very ſame,
Not rais'd to force, or feign'd in nature's ſcorn,
But meant to grace, illuſtrate and adorn.
Important Truths, ſtill let your Fables hold,
And moral miſteries, with art unfold:
Ladies and Beaux, to Pleaſe, is all the task,
But the ſharp Critick, will Inſtruction ask.

As Veils tranſparent cover, but not hide,
Such metaphors appear, when right apply'd;

When

When thro' the phraſe, we plainly ſee the ſenſe,
Truth, when the meaning's obvious, will diſ-
(penſe ;
The Reader, what in Reaſon's due, believes,
Nor can we call that falſe, which not deceives.

Hyperboles, ſo daring and ſo bold,
Diſdaining bounds, Are yet by Rules controul'd:
Above the Clouds, but yet within our ſight,
They mount with truth, and make a tow'ring
(flight,
Preſenting things impoſſible to view,
They wander, thro' incredible to True:
Falſhoods thus mixt, Like metalls are refind.
And Truth, like Silver, leaves the droſs behind.

Thus Poetry has ample ſpace to ſoar,
Not needs forbidden Regions to explore.

Such

Such Vaunts as his who can with patience bear,
Who thus deſcribes his Hero, in the War.

(4) [b] '*In heat of Action, combats being ſlain,*
'*And after death, ſtill do's the fight maintain.*
The noiſy Culvering, O're charg'd lets fly,
And burſts unaiming, in the rended sky,
Such frantick flights, are like a Mad-mans dream,
And nature ſuffers, in the wild extream.

(5) The Roman Wit, who impiouſly divides
His Heroe and his Gods, to different ſides,
I would condemn, but that in ſpight of ſenſe,
Th' admiring World, ſtill ſtands in his defence.
How o'ft Alas! the beſt of men in vain
Contend for bleſſings, that the worſt obtain!
The Gods permitting Traitors to ſucceed:
Become not Parties, in an impious deed,

And

b *Taken from* Arioſto.

And by the Tyrants Murder, we may find
That *Cato* and the Gods, were of a mind.

Thus forcing truth, with ſuch prepoſtrous praiſe,
Our Characters we leſſen, when we'd raiſe,
Like Caſtles built, by magick Art, in air,
That vaniſh at approach, ſuch thoughts appear,
But rais'd on Truth, by ſome judicious hand,
As on a Rock, they ſhall for Ages ſtand.

Our King return'd, and baniſht Peace reſtor'd,
The Muſe ran Mad, to ſee her exil'd Lord,
On the crackt Stage, the Bedlam Heroes roar'd,
And ſcarce cou'd ſpeak one reaſonable word:
Dryden himſelf, to pleaſe a frantick Age, (6)
Was forc'd to let his judgment, ſtoop to Rage,
To a wild Audience, he conform'd his voice,
Comply'd to Cuſtom, but not err'd thro' Choice;

Deem

Deem then the Peoples, not the Writer's Sin,
Almanzor's Rage, and Rants of *Maximin*:
That fury ſpent, in each elaborate Peice
He vies for Fame, with ancient *Rome*, and *Greece*.

Roſcommon firſt, Then *Mulgrave* roſe, Like light
To clear our Darkneſs, and to guide our flight,
With ſteady Judgment, and in lofty Sounds,
They gave us patterns, and they ſet us bounds,
The *Stagyrite*, and *Horace*, laid aſide,
Inform'd by Them, we need no foreign Guide.

Who ſeek from Poetry, a laſting Name,
May in their Leſſons, learn the road to Fame;
But let the bold Adventurer be ſure
That every line, the teſt of Truth endure,
On this Foundation, may the Fabrick riſe
Firm and unſhaken, till it touch the Skies.

From

From Pulpits banisht, from the Court, from Love,
Abandon'd Truth, seeks shelter in the Grove,
Cherish ye Muses, the forsaken Fair,
And take into Your Train, this Wanderer.

Explanatory Annotations on the foregoing Poem.

(1) The Poetic World is nothing but Fiction; Parnassus, Pegasus, and the Muses, pure imagination and Chimæra: But being however a system universally agreed on, all that shall be contriv'd or invented upon this Foundation according to Nature, shall be reputed, as truth: But what so ever shall diminish from, or exceed the just proportions of Nature, shall be rejected, as False, and pass for extravagance, as Dwarfs and Gyants, for Monsters.

(2.) When *Homer* mentioning *Achilles*, terms him a Lyon, this is a metaphor, And the meaning is obvious and true, tho' the litteral sense be false: The Poet intending thereby to give his Reader some Idæa of the strength and fortitude of his Heroe——Had he said——That Wolf, or that Bear,

This

this had bin falſe by, preſenting an Image not conformable to the Nature, Or Character of a Heroe. &c.

(3.) Hyperboles are of diverſe ſorts, And the manner of introducing them, is different. Some are, as it were, Naturaliz'd and eſtabliſh'd by a Cuſtomary way of expreſſion, as when we ſay, ſuch a one's as ſwift as the wind;-whiter then ſnow, or the like: *Homer* ſpeaking of *Hireus* calls him Beauty it ſelf: *Martial* of *Zoilus*, Lewdneſs it ſelf. ſuch Hiperboles lie indeed, but deceive us not, And therefore *Seneca* terms 'em Lyes, that readily conduct our imagination to Truths, And have an intelligible ſignification, tho' the expreſſion be ſtrain'd beyond credibility. Cuſtom has likewiſe familiaris'd another way for Hyperboles, for example, by Irony, as when we ſay of ſome very infamous Woman, ſhe's a Civil perſon, where the meaning's to be taken in a ſenſe quite oppoſite to the letter. Theſe few Figures are mention'd only for examples ſake: it will be underſtood that all others are to be us'd with the like care and diſcretion.

(4) Theſe lines are taken from *Arioſto*. The Authour need not have travel'd ſo far from home, to fetch nonſenſe. But he choſe rather to correct in the gentleſt manner, by a foreign Example, hoping that ſuch, as are conſcious of the like

like extravagances, will take the hint, and ſecretly reprove themſelves. *Quod cunq; oſtendis mihi ſic, incredulus Odi.* It may be poſſible for ſome tempers to maintain Rage and indignation to the laſt gaſp. But the Soul and Body once parted, there muſt neceſſarily be a determination of Action &c.

(5.) *Victrix Cauſa deis placuit, ſed Victa Catoni.* The conſent of ſo many Ages having eſtabliſh'd the reputation of this Line, the Author perhaps may be judg'd too preſuming in this attack; But he cou'd not ſuppoſe that *Cato*, who is deſcrib'd to have been a man of ſtrict devotion, and more reſembling the Gods, than men, would chooſe any party in oppoſition to the Gods. The Poet would give us to underſtand, that his Heroe was too generous to accompany the Gods themſelves in an unjuſt Cauſe. But to repreſent a Man to be either wiſer, or juſter, than God, may ſhow the impiety of the Writer, but can add nothing to the luſtre of the Heroe, ſince neither Reaſon, nor Religion will allow it, and it is impoſſible in nature for a corrupt being, to be more excellent, than a divine. Beſides, ſucceſs implies permiſſion, and not approbation: to place the Gods always on the thriving ſide, is to make 'em partakers in all ſucceſsfull wickedneſs: They judge before the concluſion of the

the Action: The Cataſtrophe will beſt determine on which ſide is Providence: And the Violent death of *Cæſar* acquits the Gods, from being Companions of his *Uſurpation*,

(6.) Mr. *Dryden* in ſome Prologue has theſe two Lines,

He's bound to pleaſe, not to write well, And knows,
There is a mode in Plays, as well as Cloaths.

Let the Cenſurers of Mr. *Dryden* therefore be ſatisfied that where he has expos'd himſelf to be criticiz'd, it has been only when he has endeavour'd to follow the faſhion: To humour others, and not to pleaſe himſelf. It may likewiſe be obſerv'd that at the time when thoſe Characters were form'd Bullying was altogether the Mode, off the Stage, as well as upon it: And tho' that humour is ſince much abated in the converſation of the World, yet there remains ſo far a reliſh for it, that to this day, an Audience is never ſo well pleas'd, as when an Actor foams with ſome extravagant rant. neither can we ever expect a thorow reformation of this Sacrifice to the People, till the writer has ſome more certain encouragement, than the bare profits of a third day: For thoſe who write to live, will be always under a neceſſity to com-

ply in ſome meaſure; with the Generality, by whoſe approbation they ſubſiſt.

Mr. *Dryden* for further Satisfaction in his Epiſtle Dedicatory to the *Spaniſh-Fryar*, thus cenſures himſelf. "I remember ſome Verſes of my own *Maximin* and *Almanzor*, which cry vengeance upon me for their extravagance *&c.* All I can ſay for thoſe paſſages which are I hope not many, is that I knew they were bad a enough to pleaſe, Even when I writ them: But I repent of them among my ſins: And if any of their fellows intrude by chance into my preſent writing, I draw a ſtroke over all thoſe *Dalilahs* of the Theatre: and am reſolv'd I will Settle my ſelf no reputation by the applauſe of Fools: 'Tis not that I am mortify'd to all Ambition, but I ſcorn as much to take it from half-witted Judges, as I ſhould to raiſe an Eſtate, by cheating of Bubbles. Neither doe I diſcommend the lofty ſtile in Tragedy, which is naturally pompous and Magnificent: But nothing is truly ſublime that is not Juſt and proper. *Ep. Dedic.* to the *Spaniſh-Fryar.*

This may ſerve for a ſtanding Apology for Mr. *Dryden* againſt all his Criticks; and likewiſe for an unqueſtionable, Authority to confirm thoſe principles which the Authour of the foregoing Poem has pretended to lay down. *&c.*

UP-

Upon a Picture of my Lady *Hide.*

Epigram.

WHen fam'd *Apelles*, ſought to frame
Some Image of th' *Idalian* Dame
To furniſh graces for the Peice
He ſummon'd all the Nymphs of *Greece:*
So many Mortals were combin'd
To ſhow, how One Immortal ſhin'd.
Had'ſt thou, thus ſat by *Proxy* too
As *Venus* then was ſaid to do,
Venus her-ſelf, and all the train
Of Goddeſſes, had ſummon'd been:

The Painter muſt have ſearch'd the Skies
To match the luſter of your Eyes.

Comparing then, while thus we view
The ancient *Venus*, and the New,
In her, we many Mortals ſee,
As many Goddeſſes in Thee.

On

On my Lady *Hide* having the

SMALL-POX,

Soon after the Recovery of Mrs. *Mohun.*

SCarce could the general Joy for *Mohun* appear,
But new attempts, ſhow other dangers near.
Beauty's attackt in her imperial Fort
Where all her Loves, and Graces keep their Court
In her cheif Reſidence beſeig'd at laſt,
Laments to ſee her faireſt Feilds laid waſt.

On things immortal, all attempts are vain,
Tyrant deſeaſe, 'tis loſs of time and pain,

Glut

Glut thy wild rage, and load thee with rich prize
Torn from her Cheeks, her fragrant Lips, and Eyes
As much Vermillion, as much Luſter take
As might another perfect Beauty make,
Like *Proteus* ſhe, ſhall fruſtrate thy vain Rape,
And in variety of Charms eſcape.

The twinkling ſtars, drop numberleſs each Night
Yet ſhines the radiant Firmament as bright,
So from the Ocean, ſhould we Rivers drein
Still would enough, to drown the World remain.

TO

Mr. *George Granville*,

ON HIS

POEM

Call'd, *The Progreſs of Beauty*, and his other Writings.

ONce more my Muſe awake thy trembling Lire,
And with cæleſtial heat my breaſt inſpire.
Thy pinions boldly ſtretch, and try to ſoar,
Above the common pitch, wee us'd before.
A Theam like this, requires a Verſe divine;
Such be my turns then, ſuch be every line,

Such, as *Apollo* his own *Dryden* taught,
Or Noble, as my ſubject, be my thought,
But I alas! The Muſe invoke in vain;
She flies the Scribler, who at every ſtrain
Still forces Nature, and invents with pain.
Then this deſign let Love alone commend,
And where the Poet fails, forgive the Freind.

Where ſhall I firſt begin? What firſt admire?
Such equal wonder all thy works require;
That they alike can ſtand the niceſt Teſt,
Like a rich Maſs of Ore refin'd, and dreſt,
Where all is Cuppel'd Gold, and no one part is beſt.
Such is thy ſtrength of Genius, ſtock of Wit,
No Subject can be for thy pen unfit.
If in the Comic ſock you tread the Stage,
And ſhow the motly follies of the Age.

Each

Each turn of Satyr's ſo genteely clos'd,
We're even pleas'd to ſee our ſelves expos'd.
But when your thoughts employ the Buskin'd Muſe,
You into all Heroic Love infuſe.
Haughty *Briſcis* charms a Thouſand ways;
She knows her merit, and commands our praiſe,
And when the Royal Lovers bid Adieu,
Each thinks he parts with a *Cryſeis* too.
Or if ſome amorous ſtory you rehearſe
In looſer Numbers, and a lighter Verſe.
Your Songs ſuch Harmony, ſuch power expreſs.
Such wondrous extaſies the Hearers bleſs,
That while the Soul is to the Ear confin'd,
Love takes the minute, ſteals upon the mind,
And makes each nymph, as your own wiſhes kind.
But now, my freind, injuſtice to your muſe
The Songs we ſo admire, you muſt refuſe.

Since

Since *Purcell*'s Heavenly Soul has taken flight;
For he ſhould only ſett what you can write.
Nature before her talents did divide,
To none gave all; tho' always ſome deny'd.
To one the ſurly Satyr did belong,
This man exell'd in Plays, and that in Song,
A fourth Heroic actions could commend,
A fifth in moving Numbers mourn his freind.
But now to ſhow the utmoſt, ſhe could do,
She laviſhly has joyn'd 'em all in you.

Come all yee fair, adore his ſacred name,
Whoſe Muſe has given your charms eternal fame:
Thus ſhall you be to after Ages known,
And beauty's Empire ſtill remain your own.
For when the luſtre of frail Colours dies,
And time of all their darts, diſarms your Eyes.

His

His verſe will repreſent your likeneſs true;
There you will ſtill be young, for that will ſtill be
(New,
Strive all then, who the Poet moſt ſhall bleſs,
With ſofteſt looks, and words your love expreſs,
For him you may with pride a paſſion boaſt,
And ſhe is happy, who can pleaſe him moſt.
But Oh! may you in charming *Myra* find
All that's ſincere, and every thing that's kind.
Who gave the wound, ſhould not the cure deny
And to be more ador'd ſhe muſt comply.
Elſe by your numbers, vainly you deſign
To make one ſo imperfect, ſo Divine.
In vain her face ſuch glory has obtain'd,
Since folly loſes, what that beauty gain'd.
And know, I think of them this cenſure true,
Who want the ſenſe, my freind, to value you.

A

Dialogue.

He. WHen my *Aminta* weeps 'tis ſure,
Some mighty cauſe affects her (ſo
That Equal temper is ſecure.
Againſt what common ills can do
Why does the Lovely Nymph complain,
Since both have One United heart;
She ſhou'd in Juſtice tell her pain,
I'le Eaſe her Greif by bearing part.

She. Forgive my weakneſs if concern,
Do's in my clouded face appear;
Too ſoon you may the cauſe diſcern,
For tender love is apt to fear.
When to the faithleſs court you go,
And Thouſand dazling Beauties ſee.
Charm'd with the Artificial ſhow
You'le ſoon forget your Vows and me.

He. Bleſt innocence my Souls delight,
For you unmov'd I'de Courts deſpiſe
Th' alluring proſpect's not ſo bright,
Nor yeilds a luſtre like your Eyes.
May the great Gods confirm my Vow,
And I their Utmoſt Vengeance feel.
When at an other ſhrine I bow,
Or with unhallowed Incence kneel.

She.

She. Then from the hurry let's retire
And quit Ambition for the Grove,
Honour's at beſt a painted Fire,
There is no Sollid joy but Love.
Pan will approve of our retreat,
On the ſoft graſs ſupinely laid
We'l pitty thoſe that dare be great,
And make a Palace of the Shade.

Chorus of both.

Far from the Hurry wee'll retire &c.

EPI-

EPISTLE
TO
Mr. Congreve,
Occasion'd by his
COMEDY
Call'd,
The Way of the World.

By Mr. *Steele.*

WHen Pleasure is fallen to the low delight,
In the vain Joys of the uncertain Sight,

No

No ſenſe of Wit when rude Spectators know,
But in diſtorted Geſture, Farce and Show;
How could, Great Author, thy Aſpiring mind
Dare to Write only to the few refin'd!
Yet tho' that Nice Ambition you purſue,
'Tis not in *Congreve*'s power to pleaſe but few,
Implicitly devoted to his fame,
Well-dreſs't Barbarians know his awful Name;
Tho' ſenſeleſs they're of Mirth, but when they (Laugh,
As they feel Wine, but when till Drunk they (Quaff.

Forgotten Author's, who have lately Writ,
Deſpair now to revive their fame of Wit;
Hard fate, that all Poetick hopes are fled,
Spite of that help to Glory being Dead;
On thee from fate, a laviſh portion fell
In ev'ry way of Writing to excell.

Thy

Thy Muſe applauſe to *Arabella* brings,
In Notes as ſweet as *Arabella* Sings.
When e're you ſigh an undiſſembled Woe,
With ſweet diſtreſs your rural Numbers flow,
Paſtora's the Complaint of ev'ry Swain,
Paſtora ſtill the Eccho of the plain!
Or if thy Muſe deſcribe with warming force,
The Wounded French-man falling from his (Horſe;
And her own *William* glorious in the ſtrife,
Beſtowing on the proſtrate Foe his Life.
You the great Act as generouſly rehearſe,
And all the Engliſh fire is in thy Verſe:
By thy ſelected Scenes and handſome Choice,
Ennobled Comedy exalts her Voice;
You check unjuſt Eſteem and fond deſire,
And teach to Scorn, where elſe we ſhould Ad- (mire;

The juſt Impreſſion taught by thee we hear,
The Player Acts the World, the World the Player,
Whom ſtill the World unjuſtly diſ-eſteems,
Tho' he, alone, profeſſes what he ſeems;
But when thy Muſe aſſumes her Tragick part,
She Conquers and ſhe Reigns in ev'ry Heart;
To mourn with her Men cheat their private Woe,
And generous pity's all the Grief they know;
The Widow, who impatient of delay,
From the Town-joys muſt Mask it to the (Play,
Joyns with thy Mourning-Bride's reſiſtleſs moan,
And Weeps a loſs ſhe ſlighted, when her own;
You give us Torment, and you give us Eaſe,
And vary our Afflictions as you pleaſe;
Is not a Heart ſo kind as yours in pain,
To load your Friends with care you only feign;

Your

Your Friends in Grief, compos'd your ſelf to (leave,
But 'tis the only way you'll e're deceive?
Then ſtill great Sir, your moving power em- (ploy,
To lull our Sorrow and Correct our Joy.

VERSES
ON A
Punch-Bowl.

CApacious Goblet! ſtor'd with all delight,
Sweet to the Taſt, and pleaſing to the ſight;
Where Nutmegs, Lemons, and the Jolly Toaſt,
Scatter'd like wrecks o'th' merry Ocean float:
Thy generous Juice makes all Men know,
The little worth of things below:
Can the Miſer's heart unfold,
And ſet the Wretch above his Gold:

None

None knows the pleaſure till he tries,
That in the ſilent bottom lies:
Let's ſearch the deep then where it is,
Nor longer now delay our bliſs;
Let's drown our Sorrow, drown our Grief,
And ſnatch an hour of real Life.

FINIS.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

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